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## DRIFTING.

**F**OUL weather seems to be gathering in the Continental sky. The French nation gives signs of awakened interest in the tragedy which is passing in Poland. A panic has fallen on the Bourse; for, from the various Parisian journals of the day, the loud but well-known roll of the war-drum is beginning to be heard. M. de La Guéronnière mutters about the mission of France and the autonomy of Poland in a tone that reminds us of his ill-boding cry four years ago when the mission of France and the autonomy of Lombardy were in question. Nor can we wonder at the stir. A gallant, excitable, and overbearing people might have brought themselves to hold their breath so long as it was merely a matter of Russian absolutism in Poland. It has been reserved for a senseless Prussian Ministry to revive before the eyes of eager France the hateful recollections of a Holy Alliance, and to kindle her indignation with the sight of a monarchy, ridiculous at home, trampling on the prostrate Polish race abroad. The name of Prussia is a name which awakens no pleasant or friendly feelings in the hearts of the French masses. In stretching her arms towards the Rhine, the French Empire would at any time have gratified not merely an acquisitive instinct, but a national and deep-seated animosity. The friendship between England and Prussia has been till lately an insuperable obstacle to a move in that direction. The Prussian Premier has at last succeeded in placing his country in the one position where she can hope for no self-restraint on the part of the French nation, and no sympathy on the part of England.

Europe at this moment—the symptoms are unmistakable—is drifting towards a desperate political complication. The resignation of M. Bismarck Schönhausen may mitigate, but it cannot altogether undo the harm that that feeble and inefficient statesman has done. By this time a note has doubtless been despatched to St. Petersburg, which, whatever its courtesy and frankness, still must wear, to a jealous northern eye, the semblance, if not of a menace, at least of an intervention. What will be the result, it is impossible to say. But there can be little doubt that the French Empire is acting wisely in heading the movement of indignation that agitates the whole of the liberals of the Continent. To tear still further the treaties of 1815—to complete the restoration of oppressed nationalities which he has begun—to distract the minds of the revolutionists of Europe from the Roman question—to make France forget Mexico—to unite compactly around him the Catholic and the Liberal sections of the French people, and with all this to gratify French vanity with the wild hope of some happy windfall on the frontier of the Rhine,—is an opportunity which falls

to few but the Napoleons. Were the Emperor ten years younger, he would probably not hesitate a week. But hearts grow less chivalrous as hairs grow grey. To push once more into the maze of European revolution requires a cool brain and a confident hand. Ten years ago there might have been something to gain. To-day the Empire seems to be so secure that there is nothing left for it to win. Yet those who know France best, know that the Empire must preserve an Imperial attitude if it wishes to be entirely secure. It will be difficult for Louis Napoleon to pretend to be indifferent to the dying groans of Poland. Besides all this, there is another reason why Louis Napoleon is less likely than most men of his years and station to shut his ears against that sound. It is that with all his cold reserve, with all his saturnine and ironical silence, with all his diplomatic and Imperial airs of mystery, the French Emperor is at times a generous man and an enthusiast.

It is curious and instructive to observe how, upon the mass of contemporary history, the like causes produce the like effects. A political position, which is caused by a permanent evil, reproduces and repeats itself. A little cycle of summers passes by, and we have once more the same groups of figures in the same attitude and in the same inextricable difficulty. Only the actors change, or, rather, they do not change—they merely change places. Russia to-day stands where Austria stood yesterday; and Austria crosses over to her rival's place. It is the same problem, but those who have to work it out are different. The Polish nation of 1863 excites the same admiration and sympathy as the Italy of 1858 and 1859. Prussia and Russia in Warsaw and in Posen are what Austria was at Milan and upon the Po. France again assumes the dazzling form of an avenging angel, destined, perhaps, to set the weary free from their oppressor. Nor is the position of this country dissimilar to its position at that time. England is perfectly aware of the injustice of many of the arrangements made at the great Congress, and the chronic dangers to which it gives rise in Europe. Yet she has a material interest in seeing that France does not swamp altogether the Conservative Powers of the Continent. It is true that the Poles have a moral right to their independence: but it is also true that France ought not to have the Rhine. Great Britain, therefore, seems likely to return with some annoyance to the perplexing and anxious attitude of universal dissatisfaction, which it fell to her lot to occupy during the campaign of Lombardy. If next month the French eagles cross the Prussian frontier to assist Poland, what is Great Britain to do? Every generous instinct will be on the side of the Poles and France. Yet prudence, the regard for treaties, and our constitutional habit of distrusting the French empire, will perhaps tend to paralyze our mind. We do not wish once again to play the



part that was played in the last war. It was an undignified, unhappy, unquiet part. It was the part played by Austria in the Crimean war, the part played by Prussia in the Italian. Now that it is over, and that we breathe again, we may confess that it was not the part Englishmen love to play. Let us hope that it is not coming back to us. Every English statesman of character will feel that the first thing he has to do is to preserve us from so painful a necessity.

We drifted into the Crimean conflict; and we allowed Austria and Sardinia to drift into the Italian. Our fault in both cases was the same: we were not resolute betimes; nor did we see the worst that was before us. Sincerely is it to be hoped that we are not drifting again for a third time. A quiet retrospect of the beginning of the contest between Austria and Italy, now that excitement and pride are dead, will show us that our political course was one of blunder and mistake. Lord Malmesbury was at the helm. Mr. Disraeli inspired the crew. The spirit of Lord Normanby perhaps reigned supreme over the tactics of the vessel. Yet the passage and the character of the vessel itself were not such that they should have been committed at such a time to such keeping. England at the immediate moment of contact between the contending interests was neither Conservative nor Liberal. She paused and hoped, and feared and doubted, blaming both parties and influencing neither. Vigorous action either in one direction or the other would have stopped the war, or else prevented it from becoming glorious to France alone. Had this country joined the French Emperor at first, Austria would perhaps have given in, and certainly Savoy would never have been annexed. This time we should be careful to profit by the lesson. It will be, as usual, disastrous to the influence of this country and to the balance of power in Europe, should France be left alone to prosecute a missionary war, and to raise the Fiery Cross of Polish liberty and independence. If she is to act, England and Austria must act with her. The interests of European peace demand that on so serious an emergency there should be no want of unity on the part of all these Governments. We regard the state of Poland as a calamity and a danger to the civilized world. We do not want to go to war with Russia, far less with Prussia. It would be a terrible misfortune to be driven into it. Let us, therefore, be wise in time, and deal with the Polish question as befits a generous and powerful country, which is not insensible to the voice of Polish distress, which will not allow a Berlin autocrat to plunge Europe into war, and which is equally sensible to the great blessings of peace, and to the demands of national honour.

To the generosity of the Russian Emperor we look for a solution of the difficulty into which Europe has been brought. At Berlin it is idle to expect more than has been extorted from the King by fear of France. A monarch who has not shrunk from attempting to play the absolutist with Europe, as he might have played it with his facile and long-suffering subjects, is not likely to contribute much to the final settlement of the problem. The air of St. Petersburg, monarchical as it is, is less stifling just at present than the air of Berlin. The lips that have bestowed freedom on the serf should be capable at least of granting reforms, and, if necessary, independence to Poland. Nor is the attitude of Austria without promise. Is it impossible that the Great Powers should seize this crisis for undoing in a friendly spirit the knots which it will take years of bloodshed and misery to cut by the sword? To keep Poland and Italy as they are, is but to defer an evil day. Material interests are at stake, and regal, no less than national prejudices, have to be consulted. The vanity of more than one great Power forbids us to speak of tearing the old documents which are the title-deeds of absolutism; yet the state of Europe requires undoubtedly that they should be reformed.

#### THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

THE loving worship of nature, as the world once knew it, is dead and gone, without the hope of resurrection. That bright stream, fresh from the heart of man, has long been dried at its source. It was a joyous, unexacting faith that satisfied the gay and careless youth of mankind; but the world is now too old and sad, too conscious of its guilt and misery, not to crave for stronger meat than the milk that supported babes. Knowledge and care, ever marching hand in hand, have rubbed and worn away the fine edge of that magic sympathy, by which men once could

find feelings and passions akin to their own in everything upon the face of the earth, in the heaven above the earth, and in the sea under the earth. If we could think again, with the simple men of early times, that the sun looks down with varied emotions, as he visits the nations in turn, entering into their joy and sorrow, turning away in horror from sights of sin and shame, and gladdened by all that is good and happy here below,—we might, then, fondly hope that the ruler of the day would be tempted to linger over “this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.” As he travels from East to West, from the Old to the New World, each in turn receives him with the grim and ghastly spectacle of desperate warfare. While in America thousands are perishing for they know not what cause,—while the Poles fall, one by one, fighting with no weapons save what are supplied by the terrible armoury of despair,—and while the King of Prussia is fast filling the cup of his wicked follies,—we here in England, catching merely the distant echoes of wars and rumours of wars, are thinking only of how we best may welcome the gracious presence of a young girl amongst us. With but little learning we can easily imagine the things that would have been sung, said, and done on such an occasion in the bygone times. Courtly poets would have elaborated courtly odes, promising the immediate presence of Venus and Cupid and all the hierarchy of heaven. The courtly painters would have vied with the poets, and have put forth all their skill in picturing the passage of the barque that bore the royal bride across the seas, with Neptune calming the billows before her, Æolus filling the silken sails, and the Tritons playing around in the highest spirits; and then, its one great service over, the happy vessel might have been translated to the skies, to be a constellation for evermore. But such sentiments as these no one now, except a schoolboy writing Latin verses, could express on paper or canvas with a grave face. They belong to habits of thought and feeling with which we, in this nineteenth century, have but little in common; and so we can do no more than hope very fervently, in our dull, prosaic way, that youth, and care, and medical skill may very quickly banish the cold from which the Princess Alexandra has been suffering, and that she may have two fine days for her passage across the Channel and her tedious progress through London.

Whatever may be wanting in fancy and poetry to our welcome of the Princess, nothing, we may be sure, will be wanting in hearty enthusiasm and loyal affection. Though we no longer believe in the divine right of kings, and have ceased to talk the language of courtiers, we are not a whit less loyal than our forefathers were; and the strong, silent heart of the English people is powerfully stirred in its secret depths by such events as the coming of the Princess and her marriage with our future King. These move both old and young, both men and women. They give to all alike a common ground of interest; and, by awakening common desires and hopes, they bring home to every unit of many millions that sense of a distinct national existence, which, with the love of the native earth we tread, makes the broad, secure foundation-stone of patriotism. Too rare, indeed, are the public events which draw to themselves the thoughts and feelings of women equally with those of men. Most Englishwomen care no more for foreign politics than for the politics of the moon; and it is the hearts of Englishmen, far more than Englishwomen, which now bleed for the cruel wrongs and sufferings of the Poles. And whatever interest women may take in home politics attaches itself to men, and very rarely to measures or principles. They do not much care for the principles of the Constitution, and their loyalty is altogether a personal feeling. For them the glitter and the pomp of Royalty have charms; but that on which their loyalty seeks to fasten is the purely human and common side of the lives of kings and queens. Both men and women, but especially women, cherish the thought that the old simple feelings of human nature are the same in the palace and the cottage. They cherish the thought that the mutual love of youthful man and woman, which lends a transient grace to the rudest peasant, goes gaily down the old, familiar path, even when the lovers are princes and princesses. If this belief is dear to men and women everywhere, especially dear is it to English men and women; and it is to those deep domestic instincts, which we possess beyond all other nations, that the Princess Alexandra makes an irresistible appeal. We have been told on the



highest authority that this is purely a love-marriage, and nothing more is wanted to stir the wildest enthusiasm; for our people honestly believe that love-marriages are the Palladium of our national virtues and greatness.

Assuredly the English people have excellent reasons for wishing to see the throne shared only by those whom a true love has joined together. Not only does the national heart recoil from the worse than Mezentian torture of forcibly binding in the closest and most indissoluble of earthly ties two reluctant human beings, with their awful capacities for joy and grief, for pain and pleasure; but in these matters we are not without a salutary warning and a bright example, both bequeathed to us by the recent history of our own country. The shame and humiliation of one Royal marriage are still fresh in the memory of living men; and we are still reaping the priceless fruits of another Royal marriage. No one who has ever read the Diaries and Correspondence of the first Earl of Malmesbury can have forgotten the account of his mission to demand the hand of the Princess Caroline of Brunswick for the then Prince of Wales; and, read by the light of subsequent events, a melancholy record it is. There, by the hand of the English nobleman who came in an evil hour to take her from her father's house, is drawn a minute picture of the ill-fated Princess, then a good-tempered, happy, ignorant, gossiping girl, elated at the brilliant prospect before her, but disquieted by stories of the Prince's amours, and yet hoping to wean him from them, and to induce him to go to church on a Sunday. There, too, are recorded Lord Malmesbury's own solemnly grotesque admonitions,—his rebukes of the Princess's free manners and her uncleanly habits, her dirty stockings and her dirty petticoats,—and his startling threats of the extreme penalty with which the English law visited the guilty loves of queens and princesses. And there, lastly, are described, by the single eye-witness of the scene, the bitter disappointment and the cruel insult she suffered at her first meeting with the bridegroom, than whose nature no baser ever defiled the English throne. More than forty years after this ill-omened meeting there was another wedding of the highest lady in the land; and this time it was the bridegroom that came a stranger to our shore. He brought neither wealth nor dominion, nor even much dynastic influence abroad; and to the great position which he came to fill he had no claims except what were given him by a handsome person, a powerful mind, a pure heart, and the love of a young Queen which he had won by these rare and gracious gifts. This, then, was a love-marriage. Death came too soon to sever the earthly bond; but, while the union endured, it fulfilled, in a degree never surpassed, every good and blessed purpose for which the marriage of man and woman was instituted. And now the English people, having watched the experiment of a real love-marriage in the loftiest place, are abundantly well pleased with its results.

In reply to a question from that sombre pillar of the Protestant religion, Mr. Newdegate, the Prime Minister has declared that, when the time came for seeking a wife for the Prince of Wales, it was deemed essential, "first of all, that she should be young; next, that she should be handsome; further, that she should be agreeable, and that she should be amiable in her disposition; that she should be well brought up; and lastly, that she should be a Protestant." This rare and precious combination of natural and acquired qualities has been found in the Princess Alexandra; and she is, moreover, the daughter of a brave, seafaring race of men, in whom there is much that is akin to our own race. Great dynastic alliances we do not want, for we are strong enough to do without them; but what we desire our future Queen to bring are those gifts of body, heart, and soul, which shall keep a husband's love constant and unchanging till the end, and make her household the best and purest in the realm. To the Queen and the late Prince Consort we owe a heavy debt of gratitude for that never-failing constitutional spirit in which they performed their public duties; but even more, perhaps, we owe to them for the blameless way in which they ruled the daily tenour of their private life. All we ask and hope of the Prince and Princess is that they, in their turn, should hand down to later generations the same bright and wholesome example. When the Princess comes to be the foremost lady of the English Court, may she, like our Queen, keep her assemblies undisturbed by golden sandals and bare feet, by fancy dresses made convenient for the display of much that native modesty should veil, and by the spirit of female levity, of which such devices are the outward and visible sign! If

she will do this excellent service for us and our children, her throne will be set in the warm heart of the British race, and neither time nor chance shall prevail against it. Her hopes and fears, her joys and sorrows, her subjects will, as far as may be, love to share; her least desires they will seek to anticipate; and her wrongs (*quod absit omen*) they will be quick and stern to resent, making her quarrel all their own. Let her but fulfil the promise of her young, honest, innocent face, and they shall never cease to bless the auspicious day when first they greeted her as a daughter of England.

#### THE NEW CHAMPION OF ORTHODOXY.

THERE is no fact which the history of religious opinion more clearly establishes than this, that a certain amount of unwise and intolerant opposition is essentially necessary for the successful propagation of a new creed. So familiar to us is this idea, that we consider the strongest claim to our respect and affection possessed by our own Church, lies in the fact that it has been sealed by the blood of martyrs. We cling with reverence to opinions for which men have fought and died, and the corner-stone of that faith which has taken the strongest hold upon the heart of civilized humanity was laid when its great founder fell a victim to the violence of Jewish persecution. And when the purity and simplicity of his teaching had become degraded, by a designing priesthood, to a political system calculated to impose upon the ignorant masses, and to fetter the intellects of the educated classes, it needed yet another struggle on the part of some heroic men—the fathers of the Reformation—who fell, beating down the barriers erected against freedom of thought, and who allowed once more that flood-light of a pure Christianity to pour in upon the world, which has shed more particularly upon our own country its reviving influence. Humanly speaking, then, it has been to persecutions by the Jews in the one instance, and by Roman Catholics in another, that we owe the inestimable gift of a true and reformed religion; but unfortunately, if we have had reason to bless a bigotry which has been so beneficial in educating and confirming pure and comforting doctrines, other nations have had cause to curse the power of this mighty engine for proselytism. It matters not whether the dogmas sought to be promulgated be true or false, they cannot become popular unless salted by persecution. Had Mahomet not been hunted to the death, his followers would never have bled for his creed, and the Mormons would be deprived of the proudest monument to their faith had Joe Smith never been murdered at Nauvoo.

We should be sorry for it to be supposed that we mean to compare the Bishop of Natal to the Prophet of Arabia, or Professor Jowett to the great Latter-day Saint; if we place them in one category, it is only because we dissent in opinion widely from all, and because, with the experience of the effects of persecution in the cases we have cited before our eyes, we are too sincerely interested in the cause of real evangelical religion to stand by and see it imperilled by the injudicious and puerile procedure of the director-general of Miss Sellon's Devonport sisterhood. If we wish to preserve amongst us in all their simple purity those doctrines which have afforded hope and consolation to mankind, we must not merely profit by the evidence of history, but of our common sense. If persecution has, in darker ages, failed to extinguish thought even when erroneous, it most assuredly cannot succeed in this more enlightened time, when the tortures of the rack are represented by the Vice-Chancellor's Court at Oxford. The manifest effect of any combination to attack heterodoxy will be an organization to defend it, and to the lovers of, and believers in, the simple truths of Christianity will belong the honour of creating an opposition most dangerous to its best interests. There is an old proverb about giving a dog rope enough. If we have confidence in the truths of the religion we profess, they will hold their own without Dr. Pusey's protection. Indeed, the only redeeming feature in this prosecution of Professor Jowett is, that it should have been taken up by a man who represents an extreme and not very popular party in the Church, and who is likely to bring ridicule and discredit upon any cause he adopts. As he is not in a position to espouse the cause of orthodoxy, we consider him simply as the representative of religious intolerance in this country, and we may be permitted to hope that the small band of bigots who follow him may never have a more dangerous leader.



In order to show that we are not actuated by any hostile feeling towards Dr. Pusey himself, and are not writing at random, we shall take the liberty of quoting a few passages from a small work opportunely published by Miss Margaret Goodman on the Sisterhoods of England. As this lady was under the spiritual directorship of Dr. Pusey, it may be presumed that the illustrations with which she favours us of the mode in which he is in the habit of exercising his spiritual authority, and enforcing his religious opinions, are authentic. He does not hesitate to insist, for instance, that young women are bound to refuse obedience to their parents when he enjoins rebellion, and on one occasion—

"A young lady had left Miss Sellon's at the wish of her relatives; but Dr. Pusey, her confessor, wrote to urge her to return, declaring that if she failed to do so, he could no longer remain her spiritual director,—a threat which involved his refusal again to grant her absolution. This so weighed upon her mind that she eventually returned, but not until some time after a day which Miss Sellon had fixed as the utmost limits of her visit home. For this act of disobedience to her spiritual mother she was, on her return, desired to take the lowest place in the Devonport household, where the position of the inmates, unless lost by misconduct, goes by seniority; the culprit was forbidden any intercourse with the other novices, and during her penance, which lasted more than twelve months, she passed the time allowed for recreation each day alone in a small room; and as there is to be silence in the house, except during recreation, she was thus reduced to almost perpetual silence. . . . The punishment seemed greater than the mind of poor A. was able to bear. She was weeping nearly all day, and, I may add, nearly all night; for her sleeping-place at this time was only divided from mine by a curtain, and whenever I was awake I could hear her half-repressed sobs."

Dr. Pusey's discipline ultimately induced this girl to endeavour to starve herself to death during Lent. "She did not distinguish the difference between starving herself to death because this life was wretched, and starving herself to death during Lent to obtain the favour of a heavenly Father."

That the teaching of the Doctor among these trembling women was rather severe and terrible, perhaps the following anecdote, taken from one of his private discourses to them, will testify. He was teaching that they must feel assured that, even if their eternal salvation were not forfeited by a sin, the sin must inevitably bring upon them expiatory fires. "I was," says the reverend Doctor, "passing down a somewhat crowded street in Oxford, when I was surprised to perceive at my elbow a man whom I believed at the time unable to leave his bed. He said, 'Dr. Pusey, I have been in hell the last hour for that lie I told you.' (Dr. Pusey's listeners understood of the lie, that it had been told at the confessional, which would of course add to the enormity of the sin.) I turned round," the Doctor went on to say, "to ask an explanation; but the people pressed upon me, and I lost sight of the figure of the man who accosted me. In great surprise I hastened to his residence, and learnt at the door that he had been dead about an hour."

It seems to have been part of Dr. Pusey's system to prepare his auditory for the terrifying effect of such simple illustrations of the pains to come, by keeping them on as low a diet as possible. "To show," says Miss Goodman, "how minute was the Doctor's oversight, I may mention that, on one occasion, in making a tour of the house, he even stopped to remove the lid of a saucepan in which some potatoes were boiling, saying gravely, 'These potatoes are too large; not according to holy poverty.'" Unless Dr. Pusey has prepared Professor Jowett for the terrors of the Vice Chancellor's Court by a course of small potatoes, we doubt whether he will succeed as easily in frightening that learned divine as the novices in Miss Sellon's establishment; but the above quotations afford us some idea of the nature of the persecution which those poor young ladies underwent at his hands, and which he would willingly extend to all persons differing with him on religious subjects. We give him credit for perfect sincerity, and will do him the justice to say that the character of his mind would fit him admirably for the office of Inquisitor; but it certainly does not qualify him to be considered the champion of orthodoxy in the Church.

We have already expressed our profound regret that the deplorable publication of unsound and agitating speculations on the part of a section of the clergy of the Church of England should have rendered any such championship necessary; but it is just because we believe the Bible to be true, that we deprecate a course so damaging to the best and holiest cause. Its first and immediate result has been to fill the columns of our daily contemporaries with bitter letters, signed by clergymen, who discuss for the most part not points

of doctrine, but of character. It is impossible to suppose that the scandal which is already being caused can be compensated for even by the expulsion of Professor Jowett from his chair at the University. Such a result would be the severest blow that could be inflicted on the Church, for it would enlist the sympathies of that large class who are influenced not so much by theological opinions as by hatred of persecution. The fair way of dealing with Mr. Jowett and those who agree with him, if it be impossible to leave them alone, is by the humble but fearless expression of our honest convictions. It is only when believers in the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible are animated by personal and unworthy feelings, that we tremble for the consequences. So long as those interested in the maintenance of a pure religion defend it in the spirit of its great founder, they will have no need to seek the countenance or support of any court established by man.

#### SIR JOHN HAY AND THE ADMIRALTY.

THE defeat of the Government at Devonport has already borne fruit. It is well known that Sir F. Grey, the first Sea Lord, was pressed to give his sanction to the scheme of retirement and promotion advocated in Sir John Hay's letter to the Duke of Somerset, and that having refused to do so, the naval electors of Devonport refused to vote for him. This victory has been followed up by another attack in Parliament, and Lord Palmerston, in order to avoid a second defeat, has consented to the appointment of a select committee to consider the present system of promotion and retirement in the Royal Navy. The Duke of Somerset, in his memorandum of the 13th of February last, declared that "combinations amongst officers (in order to obtain an increase of pay), who, from their social position, can exercise great influence in the British Parliament, may be justly blamed as open to grave constitutional objections, and tending to establish a precedent injurious to the public service." And the Prime Minister repeated the same thing from the Treasury Bench. There is, no doubt, much truth in this observation, but, unfortunately, it is not the first time that such combinations amongst the servants of the Crown have succeeded in compelling the Government to grant their demands. Only the other day the Civil servants combined to compel the Treasury to grant them additional advantages in the way of superannuation. Nor is it improbable that, if the Government continue to yield, these combinations will increase to an alarming extent. There is only one mode of putting a stop to such proceedings. The Government should either prove the demand to be unjust, and stake their existence upon the correctness of their opinion, or admit the grievances complained of, and devise the proper remedy.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the Secretary of the Admiralty should carry so little weight in the House of Commons and among the officers of the navy. Excellent as he is in debate, it must be admitted that he indulges in a laxity of assertion which tends to excite considerable suspicion of his general accuracy. Considering the history of the struggles of the naval officers to get their grievances attended to, it is amusing to hear Lord Clarence Paget tell his brother officers that they have only to come to the Admiralty and to represent their alleged wrongs in order to have them attended to. Indeed, he seemed almost to complain that the naval officers had never thought fit to make their grievances known at head-quarters. But how stand the facts? In 1859 a petition was presented to the First Lord of the Admiralty signed by 500 lieutenants. No notice was taken of this publicly, though privately a polite answer was returned to the memorialists. In 1860 a petition was presented to the Admiralty, signed by 64 lieutenants of the Channel Fleet, and approved by the captains of the ships, by the junior admirals, and by Sir Charles Fremantle. No notice was taken of this except by a Circular, which pointed out that any combination of officers to bring about a change in the regulations of the navy was forbidden, as contrary to usage and subversive of discipline. At length, the member for Portsmouth obtained the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the grievances; but this Committee, after being forced upon the Government, was got rid of by a side-wind. This, in fact, is the Committee which is now about to sit again; and it is to be hoped that it will be selected with more regard to impartiality than it was two years ago. It is idle, therefore, to contend that the naval officers have not attempted



to obtain a hearing for their complaints, and it is equally idle to contend that the Government have not done what lay in their power to stifle these complaints. No officer, either in the army or in the navy, willingly sets himself up against his superior; and the very fact that 1,200 officers on the active list have aided Sir John Hay in drawing up his scheme, proves conclusively that their representations deserve a patient hearing. Unfortunately, the officers of the Navy have learnt from the history of the naval surgeons, that the Admiralty only act by compulsion; and as the surgeons were successful, the other naval officers hope to achieve the same result. It is to be hoped, however, that the 1,200 officers who have assisted Sir John Hay will not refuse to come before the Committee which is about to assemble. For the officers of the Navy may rely upon the fact, that, whilst the public are quite ready to do them justice, there must be ample evidence to justify any increase in the estimates.

We stated last week the principal features of the plan propounded by Sir John Hay and his twelve hundred friends. Its chief object is to facilitate retirement, to quicken promotion, and to increase the pay in the naval service. It is not our purpose at present to discuss the details of this plan. They must be reserved for a future occasion when the Committee have made their report. But it must be admitted that even according to the Duke of Somerset there are many questions connected with the pay and position of officers in the Navy deserving further consideration, and Lord Palmerston himself admits that the pay of a naval officer is lower than that of a military officer in a corresponding rank. It is true that military officers in our service must purchase their promotion, and therefore part of their pay must be looked upon as interest for the capital they have expended. If all naval officers are supposed to possess private means, no doubt their pay ought to be lower than that of their military comrades. But, on the other hand, if the Navy is to be open to all—whether rich or poor,—it is obvious that the possession of private fortune ought to have no influence in determining the amount of the pay in that service. But the cardinal point to which the Committee, which is about to be selected, ought to direct its attention, is connected with the question whether the pay in the Navy is sufficient to attract the best men. It is undoubtedly true that the demand for naval cadetships is very large. But the boys who thus enter are only thirteen years and a half old. They probably have little choice in the matter. At all events opinions formed at so early an age are not to be depended upon. On the other hand, it is admitted by the Duke of Somerset that the number of lieutenants during the last six years has been steadily decreasing. How is this? Lord Clarence Paget declares that “the whole navy is governed by the lieutenants; they are as it were the pivot of the system, and in my opinion we should have a thousand of them.” Nevertheless, it appears that there were only 807 on the active list. The entries of cadets are numerous enough—the lieutenants are insufficient. What becomes of the young officers between the time they enter the navy and the time they reach the rank of lieutenant? The explanation is simple enough—they leave the profession. Here, then, is a grave difficulty. The pivot of the whole Navy is in danger of giving way. The matter is serious and deserves the careful attention of the Admiralty and the House of Commons.

#### MEDIATION IN AMERICA.

THE French Emperor's offer to mediate between the rival Federations in America has been refused by the North. In reply to the note of M. Drouyn de l'Huys, dated January the 9th, Mr. Seward declines to entertain the propositions of any foreign Power with regard to the conduct of American domestic affairs. The opinion which we expressed two months ago, that our own Government had behaved discreetly in holding itself aloof from the attempted mediation, is confirmed by this event. England has at least been spared an abrupt and mortifying rejection of her friendly counsels. It has, ever since the unhappy conflict broke out, been the unanimous resolve of this country to do no act that even American jealousy might have misconstrued, as though it were meant to embarrass the Federal policy. Warned, by much endurance, of the unfair and hostile interpretations which the journals and leading politicians of America are always sure to put upon our conduct, we have held our

peace even from good, lest our good should be taken for evil; and we have suggested no steps towards a pacification, that we might not be accused of favouring Secession as a fact accomplished. For any mediation between the North and South, involving the recognition of Southern independence, must have prejudiced the imperial claims of Mr. Lincoln, who treats the South as a rebellious province to be subdued.

As no such formal mediation could be accepted by the Government of Washington, without a virtual abandonment of the former Union, it was suggested by France, as an alternative, that Northern and Southern Commissioners should have a conference upon neutral ground, to discuss the means of a reconciliation. But if a conference of this sort had been held under the auspices of a foreign Power, it would have amounted to making that Power the arbitrator of their dispute. The dignity of that impartial office requires that it should be tendered spontaneously by the parties concerned, and not solicited too anxiously by the one who is to be appointed. His arbitration would have less chance of being efficacious, if the eagerness with which he volunteered to preside over their agreement should expose him to the imputation of leaning towards whichever party showed the most readiness to confer that distinguished mark of confidence upon him. In such cases, an attitude of watchful reserve is the best preparation for assisting, when the proper time shall arrive, in the amicable settlement of their quarrel.

Again, the subject-matter of the deliberations, as well as the form in which they would have to be instituted, would, in the present state of the military operations, be presumed to imply an abandonment of Northern claims. In a war like this, for dominion and territory, the ground of any plausible overtures towards restoring peace must be the actual results which have been attained at the time. Friendly and disinterested parties can recommend no settlement of such a contest, except upon something like the basis of *uti possidetis*; for it is obvious that either of the belligerents would naturally resent the proposal, from a third party, that it should give up the substantial acquisitions which its arms have gained, or the possessions of which its enemy has failed to deprive it. If, therefore, the time had arrived when England and France could jointly offer their mediation between the two Federal Governments of North America, as between two Powers alike independent, the outline of any plan which might have been recommended by their good advice must have been determined by the stations of the hostile armies, or by the strategical advantages probably within their immediate reach.

Since we can scarcely believe that any man still dreams of the forcible subjugation of the South, the time is approaching when, if the war be carried on any longer, its avowed object will not be the restoration of the Union as it was, but only to secure a convenient frontier, and to restrain the future extension of the Slave State Confederacy over the western territories. But that time has not yet arrived. So long as the ostensible design of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet is to compel the Southern States to return to their former allegiance, the Federal Secretary must refuse, “while engaged,” as he says, “in suppressing an armed insurrection, with the purpose of maintaining the constitutional national authority, to enter into diplomatic discussion upon the question whether that authority shall not be renounced.” These airs of imperial sovereignty must be abated, before any European peacemaker can have a chance of success.

Whenever the pretensions of the Government at Washington shall have been so moderated by the ill-success of its mad enterprise of conquest, that it shall renounce the despotic claim to an indefeasible empire, and seek only to obtain guarantees for the safety of that which remains of the Union, with as large share as it can secure of the unoccupied portions of America, it may become expedient for the European Powers to have a voice in the final arrangements for peace. It would be for their interest, despite the Monroe doctrine, as well in the Western as in the Eastern hemisphere, to guard betimes against the dangerous aggrandizement of a new Power that might some day be troublesome to the general welfare. It would, for example, be a fair occasion for the use of their diplomatic influence, if there were any likelihood of the rise of a Southern Power so formidable as to threaten any of their West Indian possessions; or to command the transit between the Mexican Gulf and the Pacific Ocean; or even to close, at its pleasure, the entrance of that great highway of the Mis-



Mississippi which gives access to vast and fertile regions, destined to be the abode of a hundred millions of our race and a granary for all the world. It would perhaps be advisable that, in recognizing the Southern States as an independent Confederacy, and in promoting the establishment of pacific relations between them and their Northern neighbours, specific treaty obligations, with a view to prevent a revival of the African slave trade, should, as the price of our favourable countenance, be laid upon them.

But the prospect of our taking part in negotiations for peace, which might give us an opportunity of thus providing for the general interests and our own, so far as they are concerned in the political reconstruction of America, is still remote. It is probable, indeed, that no mediation of France, England, or Russia may be required. The overthrow of President Lincoln's Government by the growing strength of the Democratic party, by the wide dissatisfaction of the Western States, by the ruin of Federal finance and collapse of the monetary system, by the exposure of administrative corruption and incompetence, by the humiliating defeat of successive armies and the impossibility of creating them anew, may very soon dispose the North to some terms of accommodation. In the meantime, we read once more the haughty style in which a people who have, with as much right and as much spirit as those insurgents by whom the Union was founded, made good their separate national existence, are denounced by Mr. Seward as mere rebels, to be crushed without a word of parley. And we find in this tyrannical language a fresh proof of the true character of the Federal policy, combining the most rigid theories of imperial despotism with the mingled profligacy and fanaticism of the French Republican Directory, and with a cynical contempt for "human life, liberty, and happiness," the protection of which is pronounced by the very declaration of American independence to be the true object of all government whatever.

#### THE ROUPELL FORGERIES.

WE have not heard the last of Mr. William Roupell and his forgeries. The trial at Guildford directly involved only one of the estates which belonged to the late Richard Palmer Roupell,—but a small part of the property which, during that gentleman's later years and after his death, was the subject of his son William's operations. It could hardly have been expected that every capitalist who had given his money to William Roupell should be satisfied with the result of the trial; and statements, widely circulated of late, have made it known that, as regards one of the principal estates dealt with by him, his brother's claims are seriously disputed. It is alleged by the opposing parties that William Roupell, in accusing himself of forging a deed of gift to the Roupell Park estate, has done himself an injustice that he might do his brother a benefit; and that in mortgaging that estate he did but deal lawfully with a property of which he was the owner. By a respectable contemporary the evidence upon which this allegation rests has been characterized as "an idle tale;" but this appears to be a hasty decision upon a matter the time for judgment upon which has certainly not arrived. For ourselves, it will not in any degree surprise us to find a man who stands confessed of both perjury and forgery, proved to have done a little more of the one and a little less of the other than it would at present suit him to acknowledge. Be it remembered that according to his description of himself, given at the Central Criminal Court, William Roupell is "a living paradox." There can be no certainty that in his anxiety to make restitution—at the expense of others—to his brother, he has not in some measure exceeded the line of justice.

In the proceedings now pending large interests are involved. At the Guildford trial William Roupell stated the present value of the Roupell Park estate to be £200,000, and the amount of the mortgages which he contracted upon it to be £135,000. The mortgages were contracted by means of a deed of gift purporting to be granted by old Mr. Roupell, with concurrence of his wife (necessary we presume in respect of her dower), to his son William, dated in 1853. Armed with this document, William had raised £70,000 upon the estate before his father's death in 1856. When, at the trial, he declared the deed of gift a forgery, and the mortgages obtained upon it fraudulent, he offered a plausible explanation of the fact that for the last three years of his father's life he had dealt with the property

as his own. In 1853, he said, he had led his father to believe that he had become a trustee of the Unity Fire Insurance Company, in respect of a sum of £50,000 set aside for building investments. He had shown his father a deed (forged of course) constituting him a trustee of the company, and had, as on behalf of the company, taken a lease of the Roupell Park estate from his father, at a rent of £2,750 a year. So, while dealing with capitalists as proprietor of the estate, he dealt with his father as tenant on behalf of the company. The will which he suppressed did not leave Roupell Park to him, and to cover his fraudulent operations upon this and other estates, he was driven, so he said, to forge a will. There is nothing very improbable in this story; if an invention it is indeed a creditable exercise of ingenuity; and while it stood alone it was perfectly natural that it should be accepted as true. But now the mortgagees (or their representatives) bring testimony to contradict it, to show that the deed of gift said to be forged is authentic—the evidence, namely, of an attesting witness; and this is corroborated to some extent by that of the surviving grantor of the deed, the widow of the late Mr. Roupell.

The attesting witness adduced to support the deed—by name Alfred Douglas Harwood—was, in 1853, a clerk in the office of Mr. Rees, old Mr. Roupell's solicitor. William Roupell was then an articled clerk in the same office. Harwood has sworn before an examiner in Chancery that, in the long vacation of 1853, William Roupell asked him to recommend him to a conveyancer; that he named Mr. Emly, the conveyancer usually employed by Mr. Rees, adding, however, that he had better go to another, as if he went to Mr. Emly, Mr. Rees might hear of it; and that Roupell said that he did not mind, or that he would rather like, that Mr. Rees should know of it. That some time after he went with William Roupell to his father's house in Cross-street, Blackfriars, to witness old Mr. Roupell's signature to a deed; that he saw Mr. Roupell sign the deed, after spending some time in examining it; and that he also at the same time saw Mrs. Roupell sign it. The deed was handed over to Harwood, who took it home with him, and who, on examining it next morning, found it to be a deed of gift of the Roupell Park estate to William Roupell. He had delivered it forthwith to William Roupell; and he identified the deed of gift produced in this case as the document of which he had witnessed the signature. A lengthened and searching cross-examination failed utterly in shaking Harwood's testimony (which was given with much detail), while several facts were proved in corroboration of it. Thus, it was shown that when William Roupell was first a candidate for Lambeth, Harwood had told a friend of his, an elector of Lambeth—who was doubtful about voting for Roupell because he thought he had no property—exactly what he has now sworn as to the deed of gift of Roupell Park. He was at Guildford during the trial, and identified Mrs. Roupell in Court as the lady who signed the deed in 1853, he having never seen her previously, according to his statement, except on the occasion of the signature. Mrs. Roupell, however, does not dispute her signature. She has stated that she signed the deed of gift towards the end of 1853, in presence of Harwood; and that in October, 1853, she acknowledged it before a Judge—a fact otherwise proved by the Judge's certificate. It need scarcely be said that it is the duty of the Judge, when a married woman thus acknowledges a deed before him, to make her perfectly aware what she is doing; and, therefore, it is absolutely beyond doubt that Mrs. Roupell knew that her son, by gift from his father and herself—supposing the deed a sound one—became proprietor of Roupell Park in October, 1853. She cannot have failed to see that if her consent and signature were necessary to the deed, still more were her husband's. Here, however, comes the most extraordinary part of this new Roupell case. Mrs. Roupell makes the statement that her husband never signed that deed. She is thus at issue with Harwood upon the vital fact of the case. Which to believe—the detailed statement of Harwood, or the bare negation of Mrs. Roupell? That is a matter not for us at present, but for a court of law, to pronounce upon; but, plainly, Harwood's statement cannot be pooh-poohed as a mere "idle tale;" and, plainly, Mrs. Roupell's evidence, on the other side, is not free from serious perplexities.

That Harwood was not brought forward at the Guildford trial was, no doubt, greatly—perhaps entirely—owing to the



fact that his evidence had no direct bearing upon the case of the Kingston estate, the matter then under litigation. Of course it would have been most important for the defendant in that trial to have been able to contradict William Roupell upon any considerable point of his self-accusations, for doubt would thus have been cast upon every part of them. But, on the other hand, Roupell's evidence had obviously made a strong impression upon the jury—an impression almost too strong to be hopefully struggled against, even supposing that Harwood's evidence was available for the defendant in that action. Without attempting to appreciate this evidence we may remark that Harwood's previous statement about the deed—proved before the examiner in Chancery to have been made—is a strong proof of his good faith in the matter. It may be added that Mrs. Roupell's evidence, in the vital matter where it conflicts so seriously with that of Harwood, is capable, so far as words go, of being resolved in two ways. When she went before the Judge in 1853, either she believed that the signature attached to the deed of gift, purporting to be her husband's, was really his—in which case she must now believe that she was then imposed upon; or she then knew that the signature was not her husband's. We have no right whatever to entertain any supposition injurious to Mrs. Roupell, and, indeed, it is not credible that she made her statement in a sense which would represent her as the partner of her son in a fraud upon her husband. But the reading of her evidence which is the more favourable to her, is, obviously, not the more favourable to the maintenance of her son Richard's title to Roupell Park. If her denial that her husband signed the deed show nothing but her present belief, that in some way or other there was something wrong about the signature, can that denial go for very much?

#### THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL.

THE necessity of making a parliamentary provision for the Prince of Wales has involved a discussion on the Duchy of Cornwall, and has revealed the existence of great ignorance of its affairs. The subject is confessedly somewhat complicated, and we may, perhaps, pardon even such authorities as Mr. Gladstone, the *Times*, and Sir John Trelawny, when we find them all imperfectly informed upon it; no one, indeed, would venture to dogmatize on a subject on which neither the financial knowledge of the first, the omniscience of the second, nor the local opportunities of the third authority sufficed to prevent mistakes.

The Earldom of Cornwall, which preceded the Duchy, may be said to be coeval with the Conquest. Earl Robert of Mortaigne, the half-brother of the King, is returned in Domesday Book as the holder of nearly all the county, the Church lands and a few manors held by the King himself excepted. The rapacious Earl had even stolen some of the Church lands (*hanc terram abstulit comes ecclesie S. Michaelis*, says the record). The Earldom was always in the hands of the King, or of some prince of the blood, down to the time of the creation of the Duchy by Edward III., but its possessions were squandered by the profuse grants of successive holders. In the reign of Henry III., however, the revenue of the Earldom was so large, as to prove formidable to English liberties; in the struggles between the King and De Montfort, the King's brother Richard, the King of the Romans, devoted his wealth to the pay of German mercenaries, and there are manors in Cornwall whose names still show that they were once held by the free-lances who fought at the battles of Lewes and Evesham. Edward III., as is well known, created the Duchy of Cornwall in the person of his son the Black Prince, and upon the true interpretation of the words of the gift, "*Eidem Duci et ipsius et hæredum suorum regum Angliæ filiis primogenitis et dicti loci ducibus in regno Angliæ hereditarie successoribus*," depends the controversy between Mr. Gladstone, Mr. A. Smith, and Sir John Trelawny. Luckily we are not called upon to interpret the limitation anew, as its meaning has been settled by several precedents. The first question upon it arose upon the death of the Black Prince in the lifetime of his father, leaving a son, afterwards Richard II., and it was decided that Richard did not succeed to the Duchy because he was not the first-born son of a King of England. This precedent would be perhaps out of date, had it not been followed upon the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, in the lifetime of George II., when an Act of Parliament (33 Geo. II., c. 10)

was passed, which declared the King to be Duke of Cornwall, and gave him a power of leasing the possessions of the Duchy. Mr. Augustus Smith was, therefore, quite right last week when he said that on the death of a Prince of Wales leaving a son, the Duchy reverted to the Crown; and although Mr. Gladstone's statement in reply was correct in its facts, it had no bearing on the argument. Mr. Gladstone's facts were an answer to the second question—whether on the death of a Prince of Wales without issue, but leaving a second brother, the Dukedom would pass to that brother; and it is clear that in such a case it would. The second son fulfils the condition of being a King's son, which the son of the Prince would not be; and although it might be thought that he was not *primogenitus*, yet it has been settled that this word is not restricted to the son actually first-born, but includes the first-born surviving son. This was decided upon the death of Arthur, the eldest brother of Henry VIII., and upon the death of Henry, the eldest brother of Charles I., and was acted upon in the case of the deaths of the infant children of Henry VIII., and the infant eldest brother of Charles II. Coke, indeed, reports differently in the Prince's case; but his report on this point was declared by the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who presided at the trial of the case, to be erroneous, and it was disapproved of in the last century by Lord Hardwicke. Sir John Trelawny was, therefore, wrong in denying that a second son of the King would succeed to the Duchy of Cornwall upon the death, in the lifetime of the father, of the first son without issue, and we may perhaps correctly and succinctly describe the qualifications of the Duke of Cornwall, when we say he must be the son and heir-apparent of the reigning Sovereign; and if there be no such person, the Duchy is, *pro tempore*, merged in the Crown.

Upon the accession of her Majesty the management of the estates of the Duchy had, perhaps, reached its worst condition. Burke had fifty years before denounced the system, which provided "the apparatus of a kingdom for the government of a private estate—the formality and charge of the Exchequer of Great Britain for collecting the rents of a country squire;" but things had become, in the interim, worse instead of better. The expenses of management were enormous, and yet the property was so neglected that rents were lost, encroachments were suffered, and adverse claims were permitted to mature into rights. In the names in the rent-book, indeed, might be still seen not only the manors granted by Edward III., but the timely additions to the property of the Duchy made upon the dissolution of the monasteries and upon the attainder of the Marquis of Exeter; but the rents of these were reduced to a trifling sum through the improvident system of granting leases upon fines. The most profitable source of income was open to the grave objection that it was derived through an exceptional tax on an important branch of industry. The feudal Earls of Cornwall claimed and exercised a right of pre-emption over all the tin raised within the Stannaries, which had, however, been long ago commuted into a uniform duty. The Cornish tanners were compelled to bring their produce to a few "coinage" towns within the Duchy, for the purpose of assessment and payment. The income from this source, which, in the reign of Elizabeth, in 1574, had been returned as £1,600, and in 1688 had grown to £6,218, had, on an average of ten years preceding her Majesty's accession, amounted to £16,216. This tax was so objectionable that in the first year of the reign it was abolished; and to compensate the Duchy for the loss, an annual sum of £16,216 was granted to it, payable out of the Consolidated Fund. This was a first step in the reform of the affairs of the Duchy, and it is probable that amelioration would have been in any case gradually effected in its management. But whatever might have been otherwise effected, the rapid and enormous change in the condition of the affairs of the Duchy is unquestionably due to the influence of the Prince Consort. It is only necessary to point to the comparatively stagnant condition of the Duchy Palatine of Lancaster to show the difference attributable to the care and attention of his Royal Highness. The Council of the Duchy, in their recent Report to her Majesty, have expressed in fitting words their sense of their obligations to him: "To his just mind and clear judgment, his quick perception of what was right, his singular discretion, his remarkable aptitude for the conduct of affairs, we never looked in vain for guidance and advice on any occasion of difficulty. The soundness of his opinions in all our deliberations was rendered more apparent



by the toleration with which he listened and was always ready to defer to those of others. He never lost sight of the improvement of the condition of the tenant and the labourer, whilst anxiously seeking to restore the property of the Duchy to a state of prosperity; and to him, we may truly say, it is mainly due that the Prince of Wales will now enter into possession of an estate greatly increased in value, and free from nearly all the disputes with neighbouring proprietors and others, which at one time prevailed." It is not often that the language of royal panegyric is couched in words which may be unreservedly accepted by those who are possessed of a thorough acquaintance with the facts of history; but no one who is at all aware of the change in condition of the Duchy of Cornwall will hesitate to endorse the language of the retiring Council. Figures, indeed, speak for themselves and cannot be twisted into flattery. An accumulation of half a million is only one item of the prosperity which awaits the Prince of Wales: the income of the Duchy has been raised from £25,000 to upwards of £60,000 per annum, and, indeed, will shortly be more than £65,000, whilst the expenses of management have been diminished from £11,000 to something less than £7,000. Outlying portions of the Duchy have been sold, and the proceeds have been invested in the purchase of property contiguous to the principal estates of the Duke. The vexed question of foreshores, which Mr. Smith did his best to make notorious, has been settled in almost every case of importance; whilst upwards of £40,000 has been spent in the erection and improvement of farm-houses and buildings, drainage, planting, and other expenses incident to a great estate. These are not the only circumstances in the management of the Duchy which deserve approbation; the Prince Consort and the Council of the Duke felt that the Heir to the Crown was something more than a large landed proprietor: they initiated or lent their aid to the support of several Acts of Parliament, designed for the welfare of the inhabitants of the Duchy. They carried, for example, a Bill for the Abolition of the Deanery of St. Burian, which, dear to antiquarians as a monument of the energy of Athelstan in reducing the Land's End to the Saxon sway, had degenerated into a fearful abuse. A more important measure was the Act for Improving the Procedure in the Stannaries Court. So far from the jurisdiction of this court being abolished, as stated by a writer in the *Times*, it has been confirmed and extended. In many cases its jurisdiction is exclusive, and the complaints arising from causes within the Stannaries, which come before the Courts at Westminster, are remarkably few. The Vice-Warden holds regular sittings, and disposes of a considerable amount of business—and indeed his Court and the Palatine Court of Lancaster are examples of the itinerant Courts of Equity, which are perhaps the improvement most needed in our administration of justice. There are indeed two blots in the administration of the affairs of the Duchy, to which an economist may point, but which English feeling will be slow to condemn. If any one will take the trouble to walk from the gate of Lambeth Palace to Vauxhall-bridge, he will perhaps see a dreary row of buildings, whose blistered fronts bear awful witness to the noxious vapours of that insalubrious neighbourhood. They were erected at the expense of the Duchy, and form, it need scarcely be said, a very unprofitable part of its possessions: an expenditure of £16,000 is repaid with an income of barely £300. The other instance is of a similar character: when some large mines in Cornwall were about to be abandoned as worthless, the Council worked them for two or three years at a considerable loss, for the sake of giving employment to the miners engaged upon them. Both instances attest the Prince Consort's care for the condition of the labourer, to which the Council of the Duchy bear witness.

It must not be concealed that the ameliorated condition of the Duchy of Cornwall may hereafter be a source of anxiety. The proposal to charge the jointure of the Princess Alexandra upon its revenues, to the principle of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer half assented, could not, it is plain, be entertained without an infringement not only of the private rights of the Queen, but of those of the possible future dukes, the younger brethren of the Prince. On the other hand, an accumulation, under present circumstances, of the revenues of the Duchy during a minority co-existent with that of the Prince of Wales, would produce two millions of money, and render the heir to the Crown virtually in-

dependent of Parliament. The danger may be to us imaginary, but it remains possible, and its existence should be remembered.

#### L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

ABOUT a year ago, we chanced to see, at one of the minor theatres in Paris, a piece called *La Prise de Peking*. Its author, indulging in an unusual dramatic licence, had introduced the present editor of the *Times* upon the stage. That well-known gentleman was represented as accompanying the French army to China, in order to supply the journal which he so ably directs with reliable information concerning the progress of the allied arms. He appeared as a tall, lithe, fair-haired, good-looking man, wearing the long drooping whiskers familiarly known as "Piccadilly weepers," clad in a neat suit of Nicoll's dust-coloured alpaca, with a low-crowned straw hat on his head, a green veil over his face, a tax-gatherer's ink-horn at his button-hole, and a camp-stool and a blotting-book slung across his shoulders. He lived chiefly with the *sous officiers* of a Zouave regiment, with whom he seemed to be very popular; and whenever their corps went into action, the editor of the *Times* accompanied them. The affection they bore him induced them on more than one trying occasion to press him to withdraw from the front; but his national pride and his strong sense of duty invariably prompted him to resist their friendly importunities; and wherever the enemy's fire waxed hottest, there did the editor of the *Times* pitch his camp-stool, observing, with an atrocious Fleet-street accent, "Nong, je ne voo pas me retirer; il fo que je fasse mon correspondance pour mon journal." When a fragment of a shell carried off the crown of his straw hat, he philosophically observed, "Hooroosement il ne fait pas froid;" and when a rifle-bullet twitched his pen from betwixt his fingers, he quietly said, "C'est egal, j'ai un autre dans mon poche," and, producing it, concluded his letter in time for the home mail.

The audience, composed entirely of the middle and lower classes, were charmed with the English editor's coolness and pluck. When, after his capture by the Chinese, he persisted, in the intervals of torture, in explaining at considerable length to his tormentors that "L'Angleterre était la première pays du monde," the *bravos* were deafening; and when, towards the end of the fifth act, he paused, on his way to execution, to sing with a manly voice a couple of stanzas of "God Save the Queen," the admiration of the house broke out in thunders of applause, such as we never before heard in any theatre.

It was very pleasant for English eyes to see and for English ears to hear all this; the fun the Parisians made of us was so fair and so good-natured, and the praise they awarded to our slow but steadfast courage was so hearty and unreserved. Recalling to mind the stupid, brutal, boozy "Goddams," the stage Englishmen of the Boulevards in former days, and comparing them with the brave, intelligent, well-favoured gentleman who, in 1861, represented our nation on the French stage in their stead, we fondly imagined that France and England were at length beginning to appreciate and understand one another; that the *entente cordiale* was becoming something more than an ironical phrase; and that the best blood of the two nations had not been commingled in vain on the stony ridges of the Crimea, and in the muddy waters of the Peiho.

We need not, therefore, attempt to describe the amount of surprise and pain with which we have beheld the stage Frenchman whom Mr. Kinglake, with a dramatic licence far bolder than that indulged in by the author of the *Prise de Peking*, gravely proposes that history should accept as a faithful delineation of the soldier and the statesman of the Second Empire. The character he draws is not, indeed, new to us. We have seen it in trashy caricatures published some sixty years ago, representing "Bony" as "the Corsican monster," a sallow, shivering suppliant on his knees to the chivalrous and burly King of England; we have read of it in the ignoble libels with which hired literary hacks used to assail the First Napoleon and his Marshals. The wild pamphlets of Red Republicans and the spiteful gossip of exiled Orleanists have, we all know, done their best to reproduce and adapt to the present Emperor of the French and his adherents the same forms of ridicule and calumny; and it is not surprising that they should employ their forced leisure in doing so; but we must confess that we are sincerely grieved to find that such a man as Mr. Kinglake should have been so simple as to permit himself to be made their cat's-paw on this occasion.

History tells us that successful revolutions have seldom been planned in the open face of day, and that they are as seldom con-



summated à l'eau de rose; a certain amount of double dealing, and pledge breaking, and bloodshed, is usually inevitable during their progress, and the vanquished invariably denounce their victors—as soon as they can do so from a safe harbour of refuge—as conspirators, traitors, and murderers, of the deepest dye. As the Orleanist salons in Paris are said by Mr. Kinglake to have privily spoken of “Monsieur de Morny’s Lawgiver” and of “his henchman, Achille St. Arnaud, more properly Jacques Le Roy,” when Lord Raglan visited Paris in April, 1854; so spake of their enemies, seventy years before, the French nobles who fled to England from the great revolution of 1789; so spake the Carlists of the House of Orleans in 1830; so have the defeated party ever spoken of those by whom they have been worsted, in every revolution in which “the divine right of kings” has been in any degree shaken or damaged. The *cafés* and *estaminets* of Paris were crowded during the cold winter of 1861-2 with black-bearded, bright-eyed men, muffled up in cloaks and *caches-nez*, refugee Neapolitan nobles, who had loyally fled with their king from Garibaldi and the eleven followers with whom that adventurer invaded Naples; and their song was precisely the same as that which Mr. Kinglake tells us (pp. 22-24, Vol. II.) was the song of the Orleanist *frondeurs* of the Faubourg in 1854. Garibaldi, according to them, was “une canaille,” to whom they denied even the vulgar attribute of courage, affirming that had not their statesmen and generals been previously corrupted, and had not their troops run away, Garibaldi would never have dared to attack them. His followers they denounced as low-born ruffians, with whom no person “in society” would willingly associate; and they abounded in horrible details of murders, robberies, rapes, and sacrileges—very much like Mr. Kinglake’s edition of the Parisian terrific register of 1851—perpetrated by the cowardly felons before whom they, the best blood of the South, abandoning their king and their country, had fled without striking a blow. As for Victor Emmanuel and his creature Cavour, no invective was too strong for them; the only consolation of these exiled railers appeared to be that their Holy Father at the Vatican would take good care that that precious pair should have no luck in this world, and in the world to come, a remarkably warm corner.

It is, we repeat, with unfeigned pain that we have seen Mr. Kinglake trepanned—as he evidently has been—by the Orleanist party in France and by the aristocratic party in England. His first volume is devoted to the indirect service of the one; his second volume to the rehabilitation of the other. He finds it judicious to admit from time to time that there may be somewhere in France, truthful gentlemen and brave soldiers—though not so many as he believes there are in England and in Austria,—but he explains that they are just now in a torpid and comatose state—chloroformed, as it were, by the wiles of Napoleon III., and that it is in vain to look for such men amongst the filibusters with whom we are just now unhappily allied; by whose side we have had the misfortune to fight and to conquer in the Crimea and in China.

And Lord Raglan, according to Mr. Kinglake, appears to have entirely coincided with his historian. The public has hitherto been given to understand, in general terms, that the maintenance of the *entente cordiale* with our allies was entirely due to the tact and temper of the English General; but the revelations which Mr. Kinglake now makes clearly show that if we did keep on good terms with the French at that time, the fact was entirely due to St. Arnaud’s good sense and good humour under very trying circumstances. Lord Raglan, looking upon the officer with whom he was directed to co-operate as a base-born, bragging, shift, and unprincipled adventurer, is stated by Mr. Kinglake to have dealt with him as haughtily as *un vrai gentilhomme Anglais* ought to deal with such an unworthy ally. With the powerful aid of Lord Stratford, he is said to have snubbed him on every occasion; whatever St. Arnaud proposed Lord Raglan systematically opposed; on all the French Marshal’s words and deeds the English nobleman invariably put the very worst construction; he would discuss no plans of operations with him; he would intrust him with no knowledge of the probable movements of the English; he invariably “dismissed him from his presence” “cowed and pressed down,” shrinking “under the majesty of the great Elchi’s Canning brow and tight, merciless lips,” and under the “stern reproofs” which the English General considered it advisable to administer, from time to time, to his ally, a Marshal of France, commanding 30,000 men. Nay, a reference to pages 241 and 251 of Mr. Kinglake’s second volume will show that up to the middle of the day on which the battle of the Alma was fought, Lord Raglan, “thinking it to be a clear gain to be able to avoid entrusting the Marshal with a knowledge of what our army would be likely to undertake,” had deliberately withheld from St. Arnaud the part which he intended the English should play in the opening action!

In reading all this we are indeed struck with wonder—not at Lord Raglan’s dexterity in preserving the alliance—for he seems to have done all that man could do to imperil it—but at the marvellous sense and temper with which the French Marshal appears to have borne the caprices and insults of his English colleague. Although we have far too high an opinion of Mr. Kinglake’s integrity to suppose that he does not sincerely believe every word that he has written, we can believe but little of it. We clearly perceive that, although the words are indubitably the brilliant words of the accomplished author of “Eothen,” the sentiments are not his; they are the sentiments of one or two spiteful *salons* of the Faubourg, and of that incapable gang of relatives and intimate personal friends with whom it pleased Lord Raglan to surround himself in the Crimea—whose acquaintance we made at the Chelsea Inquiry—pleasant fellows, no doubt, and skilful riders to hounds, but no more capable of aiding their chief in ministering to the wants of an army in difficulties than would have been Allan Macdonough or Jem Mason. When Mr. Kinglake affirms that the reputation of the French had fallen below zero after the battle of the Alma with the English army, he probably only intends to say that the young staff officers and Guardsmen with whom he lived so pleasantly at the British Head Quarters in the Crimea, knowing little of and caring nothing for their profession, and soured at having been entrapped into a serious and severe campaign when they believed they were merely joining in a brief, brilliant, and bloodless *promenade militaire*, were in the habit of adopting over their cigars that disparaging and insulting tone towards our allies, which the historian has somewhat innocently incorporated as the opinion of the whole British army, into the two thick volumes now offered to the world as the first instalment of “the only correct card” of the Crimean war.

#### THE PERILS OF THE FACULTY.

WHEN Mr. Pickwick learned the conclusion to which a British jury had come as to his relations with the Widow Bardell, we do not learn that his behaviour was characterized by the submission or equanimity which might have been expected in so eminent a philosopher. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that that great man’s mind was very considerably thrown off its balance; and his boldly announced resolution to spend the rest of his existence in prison sooner than comply with the requisition of justice, bespoke just the degree of irritation which an innocent and well-intentioned gentleman is likely to experience when he has been worried with a tedious trial, badgered by hostile counsel, closeted with attorneys, stared at by the crowd, criticized in the papers, and at last rewarded by a verdict that is at once an outrage upon common sense, and the gravest possible injury to his reputation. Mr. Adams, whose ill-fortune recently placed him a few weeks ago in a somewhat similar predicament before the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, had nearly equal reason to complain of the decision arrived at, but he has adopted a far more efficacious remedy than his great prototype’s attitude of passive resistance. There were not, indeed, in his case, any damages to pay; but the stupidity, inattention, or want of principle of some member or members of the jury, resulted in a verdict which every one who heard the trial, or who carefully examined the evidence, must have felt to fall infinitely short of what Mr. Adams had a right to expect. Mr. Lush, in his subsequent letter to his client, merely echoed the general opinion in telling him that “he was the victim of a foul conspiracy.” Two Irish adventuresses, old hands apparently at this infamous trade, had contrived to build up an ingeniously wicked fabrication, by which the good-natured and charitable services of a doctor to a young woman were tortured into supporting a pretended expression of personal attachment and promise of marriage. Notwithstanding the hardihood of the principal witness, and the practised cleverness with which she defended the weak points of her position, the structure was too utterly weak and baseless to stand a critical examination, and collapsed disgracefully before a few searching questions. At an early stage of the proceedings, all candid lookers-on and the rational portion of the jury were completely satisfied that they had to do with an impudent imposture, a blameless defendant, and a plaintiff, unprincipled, ready, and ingenious beyond the ordinary level of feminine wickedness or ability. The mental or moral obliquity, however, of certain members of the jury necessitated a protracted examination, and qualified the verdict in favour of Mr. Adams with such a disagreeable suggestion of uncertainty, that he and his friends very wisely determined on securing some more decisive, complete, and respectable affirmation of his innocence. A meeting was summoned at the Freemasons’ Hall, and a number of gentlemen, principally of course belonging to Mr. Adams’ own



profession, assembled to make common cause with him in his misfortune, to express their thorough-going conviction of his uprightness, and to deliberate as to the most effectual measures by which not only doctors, but clergymen, artists, and lawyers, may protect themselves from similar accusations. Nobody would be inclined to question the high-flown encomium which Dr. Lankester pronounced upon doctors in general, as "the pioneers of science," or upon Mr. Adams in particular, as a philanthropist, a writer, and a man. "All classes of society," so ran the abstract resolution which formed the leading principle of the occasion, "are interested in supporting those who incur great trouble, annoyance, and expense, by resisting and exposing any attempt to injure their character by false charges." It is far more doubtful, however, whether anything could be made of the proposal which followed, namely, for an association "which should have for its object the defence of those who might unhappily have charges made against them, and who might not have sufficient moral courage to repel any such attacks." These are precisely the sort of occasions when a little intrepidity and manliness are imperatively necessary, as the best evidence of an innocent purpose and honest character. It is a real misfortune, doubtless, for any one to have such a charge brought against him; but it is a misfortune which a man must be courageous enough to bear for himself, and which is reduced to a minimum by being boldly and at once confronted. No association could possibly under such circumstances supply the place of "moral courage" on the part of the accused, or convince a jury or the public at large that a man who was nervous enough to shrink from inquiry had not something discreditable in the background. With this and every other false charge the only safe policy is a resolute and a high-handed determination to drag the whole matter to the light, and to bring the culprit within reach of the law. An association is the wrong machinery for this, though it might be of use at a subsequent stage of the proceedings. In the present case, for example, if it be the fact, as Mr. Lush affirms and as even the Chief Baron seems obscurely to imply, that the defendant has "been the victim of a foul conspiracy," any association that would undertake the expense of setting a prosecution for conspiracy on foot, and of collecting the evidence necessary for the indictment, would be of real service both to the defendant and to the public at large, and might serve, at any rate, to warn medical practitioners against similar impositions for the future.

The numbers who attended the meeting, and the general enthusiasm displayed, seem to show that the profession in general are alive to the danger, and feel it to be a real and formidable one to themselves. The ministrations of a doctor, like those of a clergyman, are, of course, peculiarly liable to uncharitable misconstruction. It is necessary to be interested in the patient, to be tender in inquiries, ready with sympathy and consolation, watchful in alleviating pain, or devising enjoyment. The patient, circumscribed in thought to the range of a sick room, and awaiting the doctor's verdict from day to day with watchful trepidation, often comes naturally enough to regard him with something like affection. He seems almost to hold the issues of life and death, and recovery always involves a debt of gratitude to the man by whom it is brought about. On his side, pity is akin to love; and if it is human nature to hate those whom one has injured, it is equally natural to regard the objects of one's benevolence with a solicitude which may easily ripen into some more interesting and less legitimate sentiment. The opportunities for familiar and unrestricted intercourse are frequent, and the man must be either more or less than mortal, on whom some interesting invalid, sunk in

"Becoming woe,  
Wrapped in a gown for sickness or for show,"

has not, at some moment or other, left the impression of her romantic affection. Nor are other professions altogether exempt. The readers of "Orley Farm" will recollect the perilous admiration with which Mr. Furnival regarded his client, the necessary but half-illicit interviews at Lincoln's Inn, and the domestic disturbances which resulted thereupon. Clergymen are still more dangerously situated. Fair aspirants to sainthood beset them with pretty difficulties, or invite their decision upon the nicely-poised claims of sentimental casuistry. Some lovely enthusiast, wearied of worldly pleasure, places her soul in his keeping, and begs him to direct her path, criticise her motive, and rebuke her shortcoming. Eloise, no doubt, consulted Abelard as to her state of mind, and when picturesque penitents lay bare their woes, "Devotion's self will steal a thought from heaven," and the curate forgets his official horror of the sin in his personal admiration for the sinner. To one and all, however, the same caution may be addressed, and the same method of defence prescribed,—caution in the first instance, courage when the moment

of danger has announced itself, a sedulous abstinence from that equivocal politeness upon which foolish or malicious persons can place a wrong interpretation, and prompt recourse to a public tribunal whenever the first symptom of impending intimidation makes itself apparent. We must be prepared for occasional cases of imposture as long as there are shameless and unprincipled women at large in society, resolved to make a livelihood by their wits. But no harm is done, when, as in Mr. Adams' case, not a single indiscretion or impropriety can be proved against the defendant, and a story, incoherently improbable in the first instance, is demonstrated, by a few pertinent inquiries, to have no other origin than the fertile imagination of an Hibernian "campaigner," prompted at once by the most pressing of maternal necessities, a husband for her daughter, and a livelihood for herself.

#### THE NEW SCHOOL OF METALLURGY.

ANOTHER advance has just been made in that excellent direction, the first step in which was taken when the School of Mines, in Jermyn-street, was founded. The establishment of the new "School of Practical Science and Metallurgy," in Sheffield, supplies an old and crying want—a want, indeed, so long confessed, so importunate in its need, that it is surprising it should not have been satisfied long ago. The dingy "metropolis of steel" has plenty of schools, colleges, and literary and philosophical institutes of all kinds, save, until now, just the very one which is required to teach the youth and manhood of the towns what, in a worldly sense, it most concerns them to know—the science of that craft by which they win their daily bread, and which has made Sheffield rich and famous. The absence of such an institution is the greater wonder, when we consider the money value of the interest at stake. From the early days when the tin of Cornwall tempted the Romans to bring their arts and culture to our barbarous shores, the mineral deposits of Britain have constituted one of the chief elements in her prosperity. To them we can trace the origin of our commerce, the beginning of our civilization, the source of our wealth. There is no other country so fortunately endowed in this respect. It is not only that we possess more or less of almost every mineral, but that they are presented to us in so convenient a form for our use. Norway, for instance, has finer iron, but then she has no coal. France has iron as good as we have, and coal too, but then they are situated at a distance from each other. In England alone do we find iron, lime, and coal in close contiguity; so that the ore, the flux, and the fuel can be worked side by side. The total annual value of our minerals and coals is estimated at nearly £27,000,000, and the value of our metals (derived from the minerals) and coals at £37,000,000. And every year this enormous revenue is being augmented by the increasing demand for metal, especially iron, to the application of which there seems to be no limit in this iron age.

Yet, with all our abundance of material, we have allowed other nations, less favourably circumstanced, to distance us in various branches of metallurgy. Certain French and Belgian firms are able to bring rolled bars and girders, manufactured out of English iron, into our markets on terms at which our producers cannot compete with them. Sheffield still maintains her pre-eminence in cutlery; but Mr. Roebuck's prediction that his constituency would look "exceedingly small" by the side of some of the Continental exhibitors in the Exhibition of 1862, proved true in regard to heavy castings and large masses of steel. None of the Sheffield houses had anything to show which could match, or even approach in dimensions, Krupp's 21-ton ingot. This result is naturally mortifying to our national pride. But how has it been brought about? It is very much like the race between the hare and the tortoise over again. Confiding in our immense natural resources, and in the rapidity and cheapness of production which we have been enabled to attain, we have fallen asleep over our work. All the while, however, the slow, patient German has been plodding away with his experiments, till at length his shout of exultation over the success of his labours has roused us from slumber to a sense of defeat. In some degree, our backwardness is owing to that sacrifice of quality to cheapness which is the besetting sin of English industry. But in a greater degree it has been due to our disregard of scientific method.

At the meeting held in Sheffield last year to start this school, the Mayor declared that, in the case of his own firm, they "experienced some serious disadvantage or suffered some serious loss almost every day from the ignorance of men to whom they were compelled to entrust work requiring a knowledge of metallurgy. In truth," he added, "the rule of thumb is too much adopted." That is the real secret of our failure. We have been walking in the dark.



We have been trusting to empirical routine under circumstances vastly different from those by which the routine was built up, and to which only it could be applied. Some new use is continually being found for iron, and some new or modified process required to bring the metal into the proper condition. The rule of thumb is, of course, worse than useless in such a case, yet any rule of another kind not only the workmen but even the foremen in our forges appear, generally speaking, to be incapable of applying. The interest which is taken in the development of the steel manufacture is evinced by the fact that 127 patents on the subject have been sealed during the last ten years. But the same figures equally prove the incompetency of the experimentalists, for only one of the patents has been turned to any practical account. In the mines, too, matters are even worse in this respect. Dr. Percy complains bitterly of the barbarous manner in which the South Staffordshire coal-bed has been treated by incompetent managers. The pits, he tells us, have generally been worked by contractors, called "butties," under the superintendence of viewers, called "ground bailiffs." In consequence of the ignorance, combined with the rascality of many of these men, an enormous amount of coal has been lost to the country. Even at the present time, he says, the South Staffordshire colliery viewers are frequently very imperfectly educated for their responsible duties, and the system of colliery mismanagement which prevails in this part of the country is a "disgrace to the age." These are strong words, but they are only too true.

The proper remedy for this defect is, of course, scientific education, to supply comprehensive principles instead of loose scraps of narrow experience, knowledge instead of guessing, and system instead of rule of thumb. And this education the new School of Metallurgy undertakes, and, as there is every reason to believe, will be able to supply. It will afford a complete scientific and practical education to students who are destined to become civil, mechanical, or mining engineers, or manufacturers in any branch of metallurgy, and will discipline them thoroughly in the principles of those sciences upon which their professional operations will depend. The school starts under the best auspices. It has arisen from an avowed sense of deficiency on the part of the manufacturers themselves. It has the success of the Jermyn-street institution to encourage and its experience to guide it. Its chairs are understood to be well filled, and the names of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Wharnccliffe, Sir D. Brewster, Sir R. Murchison, Dr. Percy, Mr. W. Fairbairn, and Mr. Robert Hunt, give distinction to its presidency. An important mission is before it, which we hope it will achieve.

#### A PIGMY WEDDING.

"MARRIED, February 10, at Grace Church, New York, by the Rev. Dr. Willey, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Mr. Charles S. Stratton, of Bridgeport, to Miss Lavinia Warren. European papers please copy. No cards."

Let us suppose that we had found, in our last-arrived copy of the *New York World*, this simple announcement. What should we have made of it? It would have been quite enough to provoke, in the minds of feminine readers, some fond inquiries, in reply to which our best information is at their service. They will probably have remarked, at the beginning, that Charles and Lavinia are both romantic names; and secondly, that Lavinia Stratton is a prettier name than Lavinia Warren,—at least, it does not sound so common. While harping on her name, we may assure them that this lovely young Lavinia, unlike her forlorn namesake who "once had friends," has daily or weekly thousands of admiring visitors, and one friend, certainly, to whom she has been worth, perhaps, her weight in gold. The husband of her choice, we are glad to say, is worthy of her in every respect. A glance at them will show, in this case, that events have brought about a perfectly suitable match. Behold this handsome youthful pair. "He has a fair complexion, light hair, rosy cheeks, dark eyes, and expressive face, and wears a pretty little moustache. She has abundant dark hair, braided back from her face in very becoming style; her complexion is good, her forehead rather broad than high; her smile is sweet and expressive, and a pair of bright dark eyes light up her countenance, especially in conversation." Such are the portraits of this happily assorted couple. The lady is twenty-one last birthday, and the gentleman is twenty-five. The fair reader's imagination must furnish the bridal attire, with the aid of plenty of dollars and the most fashionable taste. The nearest bridesmaid is Miss Minnie Warren, sister to the bride; the bridegroom is accompanied by his gallant friend, Commodore Nutt. They have been staying at the Metropolitan Hotel, to which they are to return after the nuptial

ceremony, to receive visits of congratulation for two hours. It is understood that they will leave town, on Thursday, for the residence of Mr. Stratton's family, and they will shortly embark for Europe. "She has a great desire to see all the treasures of art and taste which the Old World can display; and, his fortune being ample, he can afford to gratify her desires in this respect."

Here, then, we surely find all the desirable outward conditions of a marriage *comme il faut*. There is but one thing about it that disturbs our usual notions of the interesting scene where two persons solemnly enter the holy state of matrimony. It is the very diminutive stature of the bride and bridegroom, as well as of the bridesmaid and groomsman; the tallest of the four being only thirty-two inches in height. As they ascend a little platform, erected for them in front of "the hymeneal altar," they are placed in full view of a large congregation of spectators, who have come to Grace Church, as to a show, that they may see Tom Thumb's marriage. Mr. Charles Stratton, in fact, is no other than the renowned little General, who came, was seen, and conquered, a few years ago, throughout the Old World, as he did before in America, though latterly, we believe, he has led a comparatively quiet life. Miss Lavinia Warren, just an inch taller than himself, has been for some time past exhibited in Barnum's Museum.

The marriage of these two small persons, if we may believe the account given by the *New York World*, has been their own deliberate act. Mr. Barnum, it seems, though he had taken care to spread a report that the miniature lady in his museum was destined to become the wife of General Tom Thumb, never expected or intended that their union should really take place. The wily showman had calculated that this rumour would greatly enhance the interest that was felt in the little woman by those who crowded her levées, but not that he should really be obliged to give her up to the custody of a husband. We are glad, however, to hear that Tom Thumb has a manly spirit of his own, and was not to be so trifled with. He had a mind to be married in earnest. There is, in an anti-Malthusian country like America, a certain odium of selfishness attached to the bachelor state, against which the great heart of Tom, brooding over the duties of his calling as a man and a citizen, rose up indignant. Whatever be his political party, he at least does not despair of the future of the Great Republic, and will contribute his part by setting an example of those domestic virtues which go to perpetuate its race and institutions. We are even informed that, before he was introduced to Miss Warren, "he had paid his addresses to several young ladies in need of a protector, but rather from a sense of duty than because his heart was interested." It is, indeed, satisfactory to learn that, if he has more than once already felt the mortification of a refusal, the wound has been but skin-deep; his affections have not been fatally compromised; there has been no disappointment of that peculiar kind which leaves a Blighted Being, a monument of female cruelty, to wail in despairing sonnets the rejection of his suit. Tom Thumb has been spared that experience of unhappy lovers, since he has never, till now, sincerely entertained the tender passion. He has indeed, for reasons of state, or upon the grounds of a general human obligation, been disposed to confer his hand and fortune upon one or another of the large and not unlovely women of his acquaintance; but they were too much for him, and his obvious destiny—if that incomparable she could be found—was to marry one of his own size. It is, therefore, not surprising that when Mr. Barnum had taken the liberty of advertising Miss Lavinia Warren, an inmate of his Museum, as the affianced bride of General Tom Thumb, the General, finding her a charming little person, should have viewed this project seriously, and that, since the lady's coming of age, he should have insisted upon its being carried out. He would, indeed, have been less than man if he had suffered their intriguing patron, the proprietor of the Museum, to use the announcement of their betrothal as a mere bait for vulgar curiosity, and to forbid its consummation after all. Miss Warren herself, on the other hand, seems to have had a will of her own in the matter. She is described as a clever little woman, with "a Yankee quickness of comprehension and expression, which makes her good at repartee." One would like to know whether Mr. Barnum has been favoured with the scolding that he has deserved for attempting to mock her with a mere rumour of marriage, and designing to keep her in the cheerless state of old maidenhood so long as his Museum continues to pay. Not that she has been in any way dependent upon him; on the contrary, before he engaged her presence at the Museum she held levées on her own account at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and was preparing a visit to Europe when Mr. Barnum succeeded, by much persuasion and a large pecuniary offer, in gaining her for his house of wonders. It was then, or soon afterwards, that he hit upon the notion of announcing her intended



marriage with General Tom Thumb, who no longer belongs to the exhibition, but whose personal notoriety, being as great as ever, might be most profitably associated with the lady actually upon view. The story is that Mr. Barnum, as we have said, when he first spoke of this match in a half-jocular tone, did not think either of the little creatures would take it up as a serious proposal; but that he has been out-manceuvred by the General, who now carries off his bride, leaving the Museum at New York bereft of its smallest object and greatest attraction. It is possible, however, that the place now made vacant by Mrs. Stratton's departure may be occupied by her sister, Miss Minnie Warren, who is the tiniest of the whole party, being, at sixteen years of age, probably full-grown, and but twenty-five inches high; her weight is said to be only nineteen pounds. Commodore Nutt, a lively, talkative little fellow, is also shorter than either Mr. or Mrs. Stratton, who may thus, if they please, retire into private life upon the ample fortune they have earned, leaving another pair of still rarer dimensions to succeed them in popular esteem.

The description of this whimsical affair given by the *New York World* is a curiosity of literature in itself. It combines a half-ironical magniloquence, of the tallest American style, with the usual American prolixity of details. We have an inventory of the furniture of a suite of apartments, fitted up at the Metropolitan Hotel expressly for the use of the bridal pair,—even to “an elegant little velvet cushioned stool,” by the aid of which they are to climb up into bed. The proceedings at breakfast are minutely related. It appears that the happy couple partook of broiled ham, chicken, toast, coffee, sweetmeats, and pullets' eggs. They enjoyed themselves amazingly, and Miss Warren, handling a specially small tea-service of exquisite porcelain, did the honours of the table in a very dignified manner. The finest part, however, is the account of the popular excitement out of doors on the auspicious morning. As might have been expected on such an occasion, there was a great crowd gathering about the church, as well as about the hotel, and in that part of Broadway through which the carriage, with the four dwarfs in it, was to pass. By way of leading up to the mention of this circumstance, we are told that “the pavements began to feel the tread of an unusual multitude at half-past nine o'clock.” It is to be inferred from this report, on the best local authority, that New York affords an exception to the proverbial insensibility of stones. The strain of narrative rises to a higher pitch in describing how “the densely-packed thousands” waited in Broadway till past noon. Not merely upon those oppressed and unhappy pavements, which were mercilessly thronged, but upon seats piled amphitheatrically in the windows of Stewart's great haberdashery store, and at the windows or upon the roofs of all the neighbouring houses, as well as on the tops of omnibuses, or other carriages, and the backs of frightened horses in the streets, “a hydra host looked southward, with handkerchiefs in hand and a great cheer ready on its tongue.” The horses might well be frightened. A stranger from Europe, suddenly dropped into that scene, would have been puzzled to know for what the hydra host was looking southward, and preparing such demonstrations of welcome. He might have thought it was for a triumphal return of the army of the Potomac after its latest defeat. It could not have been for the return of sober good sense to the American public mind. The crowd, however, was thickest, as we are told, about the church door. When the carriage drove up, hundreds of policemen tried to clear the way, or rather, to quote this report, “ essayed to regulate the pressure.” They “ essayed a miracle,” and failed of course. The jam got worse; and whereas, a moment before, “the murmur of the throng was Memnonian,” it is now compared to the hubbub of Babel,—an acoustic effect of extreme pressure upon the chests and throats of the multitude. The deplorable confusion that ensued is thus forcibly brought before us:—

“The whole vast host, overcoming the terrors of officers' batons, and horses' hoofs, or driven by a resistless rearward pressure, plunged madly toward the church entrance. For several minutes this human ocean, above which tossed a vari-coloured surf of crying babies, dilapidated hats and bonnets, and lost handkerchiefs, filled the area of the thoroughfares hundreds of yards around. The shouts of the men were not louder than the shrieks of the women. Against the latter, the blue-coats exerted themselves for some time in vain. Amazonian arms were around their necks, fingers vengeful as Miranda's clutched at their shirt-collars. The crackling of hoops, and the ripping of dresses, were instigators of an ire that transformed the gentler portion of the crowd into belligerents.”

It is a pity that policemen should get their faces scratched by interfering more than is necessary with the emancipated sex, in such a “law-abiding and orderly community” as that of New York. The ladies inside the church, comfortably enclosed in the pews, wore their evening dress, as in boxes at the opera, and enjoyed, without molestation or “belligerent” exploits, a convenient

view of the wedding ceremony. After its performance, during which all the dwarfs behaved with strict propriety, and the bride, like “a self-possessed little lady” as she was, uttered the irrevocable vows in a firm and musical voice (let us hope without mental reserves), they went back to the Metropolitan Hotel. It certainly does seem that everything had so far gone on in the ordinary course, and the parties had sufficient intelligence to know what they were about. The barbarous rule, however, of their commercial existence, as articles for show, interfered with the tender sanctities of that moment which immediately follows the fastening of the nuptial knot. Mr. and Mrs. Stratton were compelled, from one till three o'clock, to stand upon a platform, surrounded by the articles of the bridal *trousseau* and a quantity of wedding gifts displayed in glass cases, and there to shake hands with many hundreds of distinguished people, including “merchants, doctors, lawyers, artists, authors, actors, and actresses,” the most brilliant members of New York society, who hastened to pay them a visit. As each of these deposited a small pecuniary offering at the shrine of Hymen as he passed the door, it is probable that the ordeal so undergone by the newly-wedded pair was attended with large compensations. It is also to be remembered that they had eaten the wedding breakfast before they went to church. Still, we cannot wonder at his impatience if, when the clock struck three, the little General, while handing down his bride from the platform, was heard to exclaim, “Here! I've had had enough of this; I want my dinner!” We hope that he enjoyed the repast so fairly earned; and, with our best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, in their private and domestic relations, we wish them a long enjoyment of connubial prosperity, and, if possible, a family of children somewhat nearer to the ordinary stature of mankind. The race of Tom Thumb need not be transmitted with his littleness to the next generation. It would be a pity if anybody's posterity in America should run on to eternal Lilliputians. But we have our fears, when we see how the vast nation which whips creation musters so many dwarfs. “Un peuple de nains nous efface,” would be a sorry lament for a country whose ambitions are so big.

#### “THE WINNING SUIT.”

THE production of a new play in blank verse was an experiment auguring something like hardihood both in author and manager. Nothing less hopeful could well be proposed for the amusement of a generation which has recognized in the writers of burlesques and sensation dramas its favourite caterers, and which prefers to the master-pieces of Shakespere the “Colleen Bawn,” with Mr. Boucicault's “tremendous header,” or the “Peep o' Day,” in which Mrs. J. D. Power runs about screaming in a gravel-pit, followed by Mr. Selby, flourishing a pickaxe, till she is rescued by Mr. Hermann Vezin, who takes a “tremendous heeler” into the pit on the bough of a tree. Little probability was there of a drama succeeding which depended for its attraction on the development of thought and feeling, when the only use to which recent playwrights have been able to turn these qualities, has been to ridicule whatever is noble in the one or pathetic in the other. When Shakespere was no longer tolerable on the stage except in the form of a travestie; when the boards on which the greatest actors in the greatest dramas had delighted our fathers were given up to military spectacles and Beni-Zoug-Zoug Arabs; and when London was going mad after the exhibition of a fop in a miserable farce, courageous must the author have been who could think of giving up his time to write a play of literary merit in the hope of finding a manager venturous enough to risk the fortunes of his theatre on its production. But the experiment has been made, and, what is stranger still, has succeeded. Without the aid of any fashionable monstrosity, without aiming at striking situations, or even at legitimate effects of plot or any strong development of passion, Mr. Lewis Filmore's “Winning Suit” has passed muster. It owes nothing to scenery, not much even to acting. With the exception of a single scene, nothing could be more unfavourable than the setting of his play. With the exception of Miss Sedgwick's performance, there was little to remind one of the palmy days of the drama. But in spite of these disadvantages from within and the difficulty of a demoralized taste from without, the play has made an impression upon the public mind; has proved that there are yet playgoers who can relish what is chaste in expression and natural in emotion.

The story is of a Princess Orelia, niece to the King of Castile, who rejects the suit of the King of Arragon because she is determined that her hand shall not be made a commodity of political merchandise, but shall be given only to a husband to whom she can also give her heart. This self-willed lady has, however, a



cousin Roderic who is resolved upon the marriage, and who, as the first step towards its accomplishment, compromises her by appearing masqued behind the arras of her chamber. She is thrown into a dungeon, from which he effects her escape on condition that she shall fly in disguise to a village inn in the kingdom of Arragon. Here, resenting an attempt of two soldier guests to kiss her in the dark, she throws a bottle of wine at their heads and allows them to decamp without paying for their supper. The incensed landlady is only appeased by a gold chain which her barmaid takes from her neck and hands to her in lieu of the unpaid reckoning, but which is restored to her by Pedro, a goldsmith, who enters in time to put an end to the *imbroglio* by paying the unsettled score himself. He prevails on the Princess, who, in her disguise of barmaid, passes by the name of Lauretta, to depart with him, on his promise to place her in a convent. But on their way thither they are stopped by Sebastian, an officer of the King of Castile, who has authority, countersigned by the King of Arragon, to search for the missing princess within his territory. From this dilemma Pedro rescues her by pretending that she is not the princess, but a peasant whom he is about to espouse. To further his device, he persuades Lauretta to consent to a mock marriage. The church is at hand, the peal of the organ is heard, bridesmaids in wedding attire issue from the porch, and Lauretta, veiled as a bride, enters the church, from which presently she comes forth to be told that the marriage is a real marriage, and that she is truly the goldsmith's wife. For a time she resents the deceit practised upon her; but, touched by Pedro's love for the apparent barmaid, and by his promise to conduct her to the convent and then set her free by taking back the wedding-ring, she confesses that he is worthy of her heart, and resolves to abide by her contract. Thus closes the third act, as the play was first represented; but now the second, in consequence of the judicious curtailment and amalgamation of the original first and second acts. To the fourth is left the discovery that Pedro, the goldsmith, and the King of Arragon are one and the same person; and that Cousin Roderic is the contriver who, conspiring with his Majesty of Arragon, has enabled Orelia to find in the possessor of a crown all the virtues to which she had vowed her heart.

There is a great deal of improbability in all this, even beyond the license of the playwright's craft; and the story is so slight that one wonders for a time what it is that interests us. There are defects, too, in the preservation of Orelia's character, which denote an imperfect conception. As the barmaid in the village inn, every trace of the princess is lost. She serves the soldiers with wine, makes up the landlady's reckoning, wipes down the table, and enters into the specialities of her position with a perfect familiarity, as if to the manner born. Again, it is anything but natural that she should consent to leave the inn where she has found refuge, and accompany a stranger whom she has but just seen, on no better assurance of his honour than that he has spoken kindly to her, and ransomed her gold chain by paying a few crowns for her. Probability is still more severely taxed in the scene which follows, when, without surprise or suspicion, she sees the procession of bridesmaids issue from the church, and accompanies them to the altar, as she believes, for a mock ceremony. More unnatural yet is the facility with which she accepts the goldsmith for her husband when she is told that the marriage is real. The revulsion of feeling on this discovery is feebly traced, and far too suddenly abandoned. What could be made out of a similar situation Sir Bulwer Lytton has shown in his "Lady of Lyons;" and perhaps it was the fear of venturing upon ground already so ably occupied which turned Mr. Filmore aside from his opportunity. It was possible, however, to have made much more of it without hazarding a dangerous comparison. As it is, the sentiment of the situation is only touched; gracefully, indeed, but so slightly as to indicate timidity of handling if not an absence of power. The same remark applies to Orelia's final discovery that the husband she loves is the goldsmith; is indeed the king. The opportunity is admirable. Her uncle of Castile finds her married, as he believes, to Pedro the goldsmith, and determines to annul the marriage, even at the cost of depriving Pedro of his head, which he demands from the King of Arragon as one of those slight favours which one monarch ought not to deny to another. Orelia refuses to give up her wedded lord, and says she will appeal to the King, who on this day has chosen to hold his court in the goldsmith's house. It would have been easy to heighten her anxiety by making her believe that his Majesty had consented to her uncle's request, and was coming to dissolve the marriage and to consign Pedro to annihilation. But even the simple expedient of announcing the King's approach, and giving some show of surprise to the discovery that he is Pedro, is missed. He is walking about

among the guests. Orelia addresses him as the goldsmith. They tell her he is the King of Arragon; and the mystery is tamely at an end.

With all these defects, however, the play interests, because a genuine feeling pervades it. We are pleased at the sight of a princess who is, above all, a woman, who will marry only where she loves, and who, even under the most unlikely circumstances, gives her heart to the right man. It is much in his favour that Mr. Filmore has been able to surmount the defects of his play by the prominence he has given to this leading trait of his heroine; and it may be that the very defects we speak of, have been occasioned by the unpopularity of his experiment, which may have withheld him from working thoroughly out the sentiment of his play, fearful, possibly, that the public, accustomed to trivialities and to a rapid succession of incident, would not patiently follow an elaboration of feeling. If this was a mistake in one sense, he has gained by it in variety. Since the condensation and union of the first and second acts, the action no longer flags, and the characters he has grouped around the Princess and the King lighten the serious interest of the play with considerable liveliness. The hostess puzzled over her accounts, the rogueries of her son Josef, the alarm of the Polish nobleman for the safety of his head, and Francesca's scorn for the Goldsmith, and shrewish love of Sebastian, indicate a vein of pleasant comedy. Of the writing we can speak with all praise. The blank verse, in which we failed to trace the pseudo-Elizabethanism which some of our contemporaries have discovered, is chaste and unstrained; and the prose with which the play is interspersed, is fit—an unworthy clap-trap about the popularity of the Princess's Theatre excepted—to keep company with its poetic sister.

Much of the play's success is due to Miss Sedgwick's acting. The race of actors and actresses who can speak blank verse has almost died out. Miss Sedgwick possesses this power, and displays it with effect in the part of Orelia. More at home in the arch-smartness of the barmaid, she still fully maintained the devotion of the Princess, and infused into the character a true womanly heart which won and held the sympathies of the audience throughout. Such a personation would give us hope for the revival of the intellectual drama, if the system of starring could be put an end to, and if authors could be sure when they created a character of importance, that there would be an actress at hand to embody it. Mr. Lindus, the manager of the Princess's, would do well to consider this. For the rest of the acting a few words will suffice. Mr. H. Marston, as the goldsmith, was courtly, polite, and passionless. Miss Murray filled the sketch of Francesca with point and life. No one could tell from Mr. Hermann Vezin's acting that he was engaged in a playful conspiracy. The impression he conveyed was rather that he had some deep and villainous design on foot. This fault apart, he played well. But how Mr. W. H. Stephens came to be cast for the King of Castile passes our comprehension. Had his part been that of a goldsmith, or rather a blacksmith, in the disguise of a king, he might have been in character. To his utter incapacity to fill his rôle must be attributed much of the tameness of the final *éclaircissement*. Mr. Belmore, as Josef, was an excellent clown.

#### THE PAST WEEK.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH, in the House of Lords, has asked for papers from the Consul-General of Warsaw relating to the immediate origin of the Polish insurrection, and for communications from the Prussian and Russian Governments. From the spirit of conciliation recently exhibited by Russia, he had hoped that a good feeling had sprung up towards Poland, but the conduct of the Russian police had destroyed his expectations. The people whose political opinions were distasteful to Russia had been seized ruthlessly in their homes on the 21st of January, and pressed into military servitude. That was the cause of the outbreak; and he hoped Her Majesty's Government would notify to the Russian Government that such was their opinion. He strongly denounced the conduct of Prussia in the arrangement she had entered into with Russia for ending the insurrection. He had a hope that a constitutional Government would yet be formed in Poland. Earl Russell could not give what was asked for, nor did he agree with Lord Ellenborough that the outbreak was entirely unexpected. There were three sections of Polish society,—the landed aristocracy, the middle classes, and the peasants, differing from each other in their wishes and aims. The aristocracy had asked for a constitutional government, and the middle classes, taking a despairing view from the past, had formed secret societies. Instead of conciliation on the part of the Emperor of Russia, he had recourse to a conscription, which might well displease an unhappy people. He had told the Russian Minister it was an unjust step to take. From



the Prussian Ambassador he learnt that Prussian soldiers would be allowed to pursue Polish insurgents within the Prussian frontier, and he had stated that Prussia thereby had made herself responsible for the conscriptive measures adopted. Mr. Griffith has asked, in the Commons, whether her Majesty's Government would support Ismail Pasha in his attempt to abolish forced labour in Egypt. Lord Palmerston said that as far as possible the Government would express a belief that the Pasha's intentions were humane and proper. Sir L. Palk called attention to the distress in the manufacturing districts; he blamed the Government for not having promoted cotton culture not only in India but in Queensland, Jamaica, and other British dependencies; and should move an address to her Majesty praying that a Royal Commission may be issued to consider the best mode of obtaining a plentiful supply of cotton. The motion, after remarks from Mr. Milner Gibson, was withdrawn. Mr. Lewis called attention to the number of railway schemes affecting the metropolis introduced during the present session, and asked what protection was afforded to the public interests thereby. Mr. Massey agreed that the interests of the public should be protected, but did not see how the Government could interfere. Sir G. Grey thought the suggestion that the Metropolitan Board of Works should be allowed to appear before the committees on behalf of the public was deserving of consideration. Copies of reports on the subject were ordered. Leave was given to bring in a bill for further continuing and appropriating the London coal and wine duties. The debate on the second reading of the Great Eastern Railway (New Metropolitan Station and Branches) Bill, has been postponed in the House of Lords for a fortnight. Previous to the adjournment of the debate, the propriety of insuring the convenience and ornamentation of London through the various railway projects was strongly urged. In the Commons Lord C. Paget replied to a charge made against him by Lord R. Montagu, of unconstitutional proceedings, with a view of influencing the Chatham electors. Sir H. Willoughby, on the order for the second reading of the Prince and Princess of Wales Annuities Bill, again objected to the House being asked to agree to a resolution on the annuities, prior to the papers relating to the Duchy of Cornwall being produced; yet he deemed the proposition for the Prince's establishment a reasonable one. A question arose as to whether, on the death of a Duke of Cornwall, the revenues of the duchy reverted to the Crown, and as to the application and amount of the estates during the minority of the Prince of Wales, Lord Palmerston stated that the amount was £540,000. The bill went through a second reading. Mr. Buxton drew attention to the purchase and deportation from Egypt of a negro regiment by the French Emperor. Lord Palmerston observed that the transaction was an irregular one on the part of the Egyptian Government, and he thought the French Government would feel that the act was as cruel as that which had occurred at Warsaw. Mr. Bentinck adverted to the proposed reduction in the naval estimates, and expressed an opinion that, in the event of a panic, Government would be compelled to spend five times more money than the sum requisite to maintain the navy in proper efficiency. He pointed to what was going forward in the French dockyards, where vessels were in course of construction that could only be intended to be used in an invasion of England. The House having gone into committee on the navy estimates, Lord C. Paget observed that the naval force was in an efficient state. The money vote proposed for 1863-64 was £10,736,032, which was £1,058,273 less than the previous vote. The number of armour-clad vessels under construction or at sea was 21. Ten of that number, including one small vessel, were at sea, or would be ready at the end of the year. The number of seamen and marines was, as last year, 76,000, and after reading an account of the strength of the naval force and its distribution, he moved the first vote of the number of men above named. Sir J. Pakington spoke approvingly of the proposition of Lord C. Paget, and Mr. Baxter, after complaining of Mr. Bentinck's remarks about invasion, said he thought the Government was earnest in adopting the principle of retrenchment. Mr. Cobden was in favour of an efficient navy; but efficiency did not depend upon a certain number of men, but upon science and skill. He objected to employing 76,000 men, because he defied the Government to employ them in the ships they had so as to be of use to the country. The whole expenditure of the navy he was opposed to, for the conduct of the Government in shipbuilding had been insane. Could the country afford to plunge into all those novelties on a grand scale of iron-clad broadsides? Were we sure that they might not in a few years become like the sailing line-of-battle ships? He called on the Admiralty to suspend the construction of monster broadsides until the plan of Captain Cowper Coles had been tried. The vote, with a few others, was agreed to. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in moving the second reading of the Tobacco Duties Bill, was met by an amendment from Mr. Ayrton, that a select committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of altering the laws for raising a revenue on tobacco. The motion was rejected, but the debate was adjourned. The English Church Service in Wales Bill has been read a second time in the House of Lords. The object of the bill is to permit services to be given in English in places in Wales where they are now given in Welsh. Mr. Layard has stated in the House of Commons that no convention has been entered into with the Italian Government for the extradition of persons charged with having committed offences in Italy and resident in Malta. It had been agreed that an ordinance should be issued by the Maltese authorities for the extradition of Italian offenders, but not to apply to political refugees. Sir J. Hay moved that in the opinion of the House the position of the

officers of the navy in respect of promotion and retirement was unsatisfactory and ought to be improved; and that with a view of improving naval efficiency and meeting the fair expectations of officers with respect to promotion, it was expedient to adopt the principle of retirement by age; and that the pay of officers ought to be adjusted so as to enable them to maintain consistently the rank they hold. Lord Palmerston objected to the course taken by Sir J. Hay in wishing to convert officers of the service into deliberative committees, whose motive was to raise discontent against the rules of the service; such conduct was dangerous to discipline and opposed to the principles on which armies and navies were governed. It was doubtful whether the House should entertain the motion brought forward, for it was an attempt to place the administration of the details of a branch of the service, for a time, in the hands of the House. As an amendment, he moved that a select committee be appointed to investigate the present system of promotion and retirement in the navy. The observations of Lord Palmerston drew forth remarks from several members of the Opposition—Mr. B. Cochrane, Sir J. Pakington, and the newly-elected member for Devonport, Mr. Ferrand. Sir J. Pakington felt bound to defend Sir J. Hay from Lord Palmerston's strictures, and then to state that when he was at the Admiralty he found the navy in a state quite unsatisfactory, that he had prepared a plan of promotion similar to that now proposed. Mr. Ferrand wanted to know what naval officers were to do if they were debarred from naming their grievances. Fresh from a naval borough, he had witnessed the cowed spirit of the naval officers, and even the men in the dockyards, under the influence of the Admiralty. Lord Palmerston's amendment was agreed to. Mr. Adderley obtained leave to bring in a bill, the object of which is a good one—to extend corporal punishment to certain felonious offenders. Lord Palmerston stated that it was made a condition of the marriage treaty of the Prince of Wales that the Princess Alexandra should be a Protestant.

Resolutions have been introduced in the Illinois Legislature declaring President Lincoln's policy unconstitutional, and denouncing the taxation of States for the purchase of negroes. The President is accused by the same body of having "pandered" to New England in not using the means at his disposal to open the Mississippi; the Morrill Tariff is denounced by which the East is enriched at the expense of the West; and a convention is recommended at Louisville to obtain an armistice and the cessation of hostilities. In many counties of Illinois much disaffection towards the Government exists. Details have been brought of the Confederate attack on the Federal fleet off Charleston which show there was no ground for the assumption by the Confederates that the Charleston blockade was ever raised by the departure of the Federal fleet. Two vessels only out of eight or ten were disabled. The *Australasian* from New York has brought news to the 11th of February. The military news is not of very much importance. Two Confederate iron-clads are reported to have come out of Charleston on the 31st ult., and made an attack on the blockading squadron. The steamer *Mercedita* was disabled, and the captain surrendered. The Confederates also attacked the steamer *Keystone State*, and inflicted much damage upon her, but she was ultimately towed off by three Federal vessels who went to her assistance. General Foster's expedition has arrived at Port Royal, and was expected to leave Charleston immediately. A Federal regiment of coloured volunteers have made several expeditions from Beaufort into Georgia, Florida, and up St. Mary's River, and were successful in several encounters with the Confederates. A reconnaissance has been made upon the right wing of the army of the Potomac; and an attack on Port Hudson was contemplated at New Orleans. A mutinous spirit has been manifested among the troops at Ship Island, owing to the entrance there of a coloured regiment; an Illinois regiment has been put under arrest for refusing to fight under the emancipation proclamation. Despatches from Charleston of the 3rd, say that a great formidable land and naval expedition was about to attack Charleston. The Federal gunboat *Morning Light* has been destroyed by the Confederates, and the capture of Sabine Pass has been confirmed. General Butler is shortly to head an expedition against Texas. Lebanon, Tennessee, has been entered by the Federals, who took 600 men prisoners. The ram, *Queen of the West*, belonging to the Federals, has gone down the Mississippi, destroying everything on her way. In the Senate, Mr. Sumner has introduced a bill to enrol 300,000 negro soldiers. The steamer *Ella Warley* has been sunk by collision off Sandy Hook. By the *City of Manchester*, Inman steamer, news from New York of the 13th and 14th inst. has been received. Mr. Seward has denied in Congress that he ever communicated with the Confederate authorities at Richmond through the French Ministry concerning an offer of mediation, and the French proposal that the Northern and Southern Commissioners should meet on neutral ground for discussion without the cessation of hostilities. Mr. Seward is averse to entertaining any proposition from any foreign power concerning American domestic affairs. Richmond papers affirm that the results of the naval engagements off Charleston were not so substantial as supposed. At Charleston an impression is general that Savannah will be first attacked. Pecuniary aid has been granted by the Senate to Missouri for the emancipation of slaves. 35,000 men detached from the Potomac army, to be commanded by General Burnside, are to proceed to Suffolk, Virginia, by way of Fortress Monroe. The *Queen of the West* has returned from her Mississippi expedition, and ran under the Confederate batteries at Port Hudson, drawing their fire without sustaining harm. She destroyed three Confederate provision steamers, and took fifty-six



prisoners. Reinforcements are being hurried to Vicksburg by the Confederates. The Federals have cut the levees on the Mississippi side of the Mississippi river below Helena, and on the Louisiana side opposite Lake Providence, for the purpose of flooding the country and opening a communication for steamboats to a point in the rear of Vicksburg, and to reach the Yazoo river. The Federal victory recently at Fort Donnellson was a close one, for when the gunboats arrived the Federals had fired their last round of ammunition. In the New Jersey Legislature a resolution has been introduced to send Commissioners to Richmond to ascertain if the South will consent to adhere to the Union again; if not, under what terms amicable relations can be brought about under one Government. By an order of the Senate, bank circulation is to be taxed 1 per cent. for two years, and afterwards 2 per cent.

The French Government is said to be contemplating interfering in favour of Poland diplomatically. This rumour has gained currency in the *Opinion Nationale* "under reserve." The *Constitutionnel* has reproached the conduct of the Prussian Government in respect to the Polish insurrection. Europe, it says, disapproves of it, and the convention with Russia has been productive of disquietude. It may be doubted, adds the same paper, whether Europe may not be reminded of the old name of Poland, "and, instead of an insurrection of subjects against their Government, see a reclaiming of nationality." In Paris it is asserted that the Minister of Foreign Affairs has been ordered to pen a despatch to the French ambassador at Berlin for transmission to the Prussian Government, that the Emperor was dissatisfied with the convention Prussia had entered into with Russia, as it is a violation of the principle of non-intervention. From Berne, a rumour has come forth that a part of the Polish refugees, reckoning on the re-establishment of a throne in Poland, have determined to offer it to Count Walewski. The Count is of Polish origin, and through his wife is related to the family of the last King of Poland. Doubts are entertained whether the Poles, having the opportunity of selecting a king, would look to the French Minister. The Prussian Ministry treat the House of Representatives with what may be called supreme contempt. A meeting has been convened by the Committee of the Chamber to discuss the Polish affairs, but there was an absence of Ministers and Royal Commissioners. The Liberals carried a proposition repudiating any intervention in Polish affairs on the part of Russia. The *Patrie* reports that a despatch has been forwarded by the French Government to the Duc de Talleyrand Perigord, French Ambassador at Berlin, pointing out that Prussia, by trying to crush the Polish insurrection, would be likely to arouse the aspirations of other populations of Polish origin who might make common cause with the insurgents. *La France* believes that Austria is disposed to join the policy of France and England regarding Poland. The *Constitutionnel* of the 23rd inst. says the French Government has not done anything beyond entering into communication with the Cabinet of London as to what steps should be taken. *La France* has an article observing that an enslaved Poland would not only be a violation of moral right, but would also be opposed to the understanding and all the conditions upon which the political existence of all great states is based. The same organ does not consider that a general war will arise from the Polish question, unless the absolute independence of Poland should be insisted on. M. Emile de Girardin calls upon the Emperor of Russia, in an article in the *Presse*, to fulfil the promises made by Alexander I., and to re-establish Poland. The *Constitutionnel* hopes the convention between Prussia and Russia will be abandoned. The *Opinion Nationale*, "with all reserve," states that a rumour had gained currency on the Bourse that the Prussian Cabinet had declined positively to yield to the representations offered by the French Ambassador. M. Saint Marc Girardin has presented a petition, bearing 2,000 signatures, in favour of Poland.

Count Bismarck, President of the Berlin Council, has resigned, because Eulenberg and Mühler declared in a Cabinet Council against the Russian convention and the attitude of Prussia in Polish affairs. The Prussian Government is said to be desirous of negotiating a loan on a scale that leads to the supposition that it is intended for war expenses. This is affirmed by a French paper, and may perhaps be unfounded. The *Moniteur* has made a significant announcement, in commenting on the obstinacy of the struggle in Poland, which it declares to be established by reliable accounts. The French Government is disinclined to accept the official accounts from Warsaw of the insurrection, which is represented as all but quelled. The *Moniteur* alludes to the condemnation of Prussia by Austria, and publishes reports of the savagery of the Russian soldiers in the rebellious Polish districts. The dread of a European war is sought to be calmed by the *Constitutionnel*, in an article setting forth that peace is guaranteed by the triple alliance of England, France, and Austria. The Princess Alexandra has left Copenhagen, accompanied by her father and a numerous suite.

The news from Poland continues to show unabated activity on the part of the insurgents. English interest seems to increase daily in their favour, but fears exist that ultimately the movement will be crushed, and that the Poles will endure a severer rule than they are seeking to destroy. Two bands of the insurgents, we learn from Warsaw on the 20th, were defeated near Budka, on the Bug; 400 were killed, and a quantity of correspondence taken. The railway communication between Warsaw and Cracow has been interrupted. Langiewicz is said to have cut off the retreat, near Stobnica, of the Russians, and to be hurrying towards the Austrian frontier. The prevalence of a report that the insurgents would

arrive at the Russian frontier town of Dobrzyn, opposite the Prussian frontier town of Gollub, caused the Prussian artillery to occupy it for eight hours. In official quarters in Warsaw it is said that Mieroslawski has been defeated, that he is a fugitive, and that his correspondence has been seized. Numerous Polish families driven before the Russian troops have arrived at Kaltowitz. Kuroski, one of the insurgent chiefs, has committed suicide. Fifteen hundred well-armed insurgents are posted near Opoczno. From Berlin we learn that the police of the city has seized 300 hand grenades in the possession of Polish inhabitants; the people who had them have been arrested, and the public prosecutor has been instructed to begin a judicial inquiry. On the Warsaw railway some bridges have been destroyed by the insurgents, and they are said to have inflicted defeat on the Russians near Dubienka, taking from them two cannon. The intelligence, however, during the week of the proceedings of the insurgents has been scanty, the telegrams being very brief. There can be no doubt about the cruelty of the Russians at Tomaszow and Miechow. The fire which was consuming the town the Russians would not allow to be extinguished, and the consequence was, that the whole place nearly was reduced to ashes. The insurgents having retired, murder and pillage began, the burgomaster was killed, and women and children were lying about barbarously slaughtered. The cause of this atrocious cruelty was said to be the fact of certain houses having been opened to the insurgents, and that soldiers had been shot from them; this is contradicted, for it is alleged that the insurgents did not enter one of the buildings. In other parts sickening outrages have been perpetrated, the knowledge of which can only excite wider sympathy for Poland and intenser hatred of Russian tyranny. Forty wounded men who were being conveyed from Miechow to Cracow were savagely murdered by the Russians.

Intelligence received at Kaltowitz speaks of an engagement near Kutno, between the Russians and the insurgents, lasting eight hours, in which the former sustained a defeat, and took refuge on Prussian territory.

At Lisbon, two new commercial banks, under English supervision and partly supported by English capital, are about to be established. More than £550 was collected for the Lancashire operatives. The Lisbon merchants promoted the movement actively. The law of entail is shortly to undergo modification. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* says it is asserted that the Bavarian Minister for Foreign Affairs has sent forth a circular note inviting the other States of the Zollverein, in the event of that union being dissolved, to form a special Zollverein, in which Austria should be included. The Turks are said to be alarmed at a projected expedition fostered by Prince Scanderbeg into Albania. The expedition is to consist of 6,000 men, to be led by the Prince, and M. Alexandre Dumas is to be its historiographer. No secrecy in making preparations is observed, and the middle of March has been fixed upon as the time to give force to the movement. From Copenhagen, we learn that the Princess Alexandra is suffering from a severe cold; her Royal Highness has been presented by the King of Denmark with a wedding gift specially purchased by his Majesty. There is an end to the Provisional Government of Athens, owing to a demonstration assisted by a part of the garrison. President Moraitini has been invested by the Assembly with executive powers for a time. A new form of Government is being discussed by the Assembly. An imperial hatt has been published at Constantinople, where the new Viceroy of Egypt has arrived, announcing that the Sultan will in future surrender 20 per cent. of the revenues allotted for the civil list, ordering the reduction of official salaries and the dismissal of all superfluous employes.

Liverpool has held a large meeting, at which the policy of the Northern States of America was warmly advocated. Bishop Colenso has been repudiated by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. A formal resolution has been passed that his name should be omitted as one of the vice-presidents of the society. This amounts to a vote of censure. Mr. John Abel Smith, Liberal, has been elected M.P. for Chichester without opposition. A severe contest has taken place for a seat in Parliament at Lisburn. There were two candidates, Mr. Verner, Conservative, and Mr. Barbour, Liberal. The Liberal was elected by a majority of six votes only. The Conservatives have lost a seat in the House of Commons by this result. Another coal-pit catastrophe has occurred at Wednesbury, by which three men have lost their lives. Suddenly a pit, called Steer's Meadow Pit, was flooded by a brook which runs near the workings, and in which were three men and a boy. The flow of the water into the pit, after great exertion, was impeded, and search was made for the missing colliers, who were found dead; the boy luckily survived. Henry Houlton, a saddler, of Bagshot, has been found drowned in the Basingstoke Canal, at Aldershot, under circumstances that lead to the supposition that he has been murdered. The bridesmaids to the Princess Alexandra have been chosen and are, Lady Victoria Scott, Lady Elma Bruce, daughter of Lord Elgin; Lady Victoria Hare, sister of Lord Listowel; Lady Georgiana Susan Hamilton, daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn; Lady Agneta Yorke, daughter of Lord Hardwicke; Lady Constance Villiers, daughter of Lord Clarendon; Lady Victoria Campbell, Lady Theodora Grosvenor, Lady Ernestine Mount-Edgumbe, and Lady F. Wellesley. The Board of Trade returns for December have been issued. The total declared value of our exportations was £10,807,033, or nearly 11 per cent. in excess of those of the corresponding month of 1861; compared with December, there has been a falling off of rather more



than 11 per cent. The total exportations of 1862 amounted to £124,137,812, being the same within about  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. as those of 1861, and £11,753,415, or  $8\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. less than those of 1860. An intimation has been given that any country Volunteers will be permitted to assemble with the metropolitan Volunteers in Hyde Park on the 7th proximo, the day of the Princess Alexandra's entry into London. Applications are to be made to the Secretary at War through the lords lieutenant of counties. A meeting has been held at York in favour of negro emancipation. English aid for the Confederates was warmly objected to, and a belief expressed that the Southerners were desirous of forming a great slave-holding Confederacy. The North in its labours to stem slavery was commended, and the relief given by the North for the Lancashire operatives was gratefully acknowledged in a resolution. An adjourned meeting of the Galway Harbour Board has been held for the purpose of conferring with Lord Dunkellin and Mr. Gregory, M.P., on the packet station. Lord Dunkellin stated that he believed in the success of the company, and he hoped to be able when he next met the Galway people, to congratulate them on their success in securing a loan for forming the necessary works. The Crown Princess of Prussia is now at Windsor Castle, having arrived there on Monday. Her Royal Highness disembarked at Gravesend from the royal yacht *Osborne*, and appeared in excellent health. She led her youthful son along the pier to the royal carriages, and was greeted with the cheers of the spectators. The usual weekly meeting of the General Central Relief Committee at Manchester has been held, when Mr. Farnall reported that since the 6th of December the number of applicants for relief had decreased 53,617. The sum of money received for distribution in the previous week was £22,303. 11s. 9d. The total balance in the bank was £432,095. 17s. 8d. A terrible explosion of a boiler at Hanley, the property of Earl Granville, has taken place. Eight dead persons were picked up from the debris, and over thirty were discovered mutilated in a fearful manner. The boiler, when it exploded, shot a great height in the air, and fell about 200 yards from where it rose. A young man, at Huddersfield, named Armitage, who was to have been married on Saturday, was taken out of the New Bridge mill-dam dead. The young woman to whom deceased was to be wedded became uneasy at his non-appearance, and her search and inquiries led to the painful sequel. An idea of the smoking and drinking propensities of the country may be formed from parliamentary returns just issued. The tobacco duties last year produced £5,714,448, only £157,708 being paid on manufactured tobacco and snuff. The duty on spirits for the same period amounted to £6,201,243; and the wine duty to £1,123,605. Independent of the excise duty on malt, or the licences for the sale of beer, we have a total of £13,039,296 of taxation from smoking and drinking. The money derived from drinking may almost dishearten the teetotallers in their labours. A banquet in commemoration of the birthday of George Washington has been held in St. James's Hall. Many persons of influence attended, and his Excellency the American Minister, the Hon. C. F. Adams, responded to the toast of "The Union." The Union, he observed, was as much the work of Washington as of any other single person. For years he had worked to bring about the result, and when it came he crowned it by accepting the duty of organizing the Government that gave completeness to the work. Those who affirmed that Washington, were he living, would take part with the rebels, had no true conception of his character; he would not oppose the authority he had ever prized. The motive that stimulated the rebel movement was to extend slavery. The South had abandoned all the glorious associations of the Revolution; they had opened to themselves a new career—whether for glory or shame posterity would determine. The past was a pledge for the extension of freedom, the future of the South was a pledge for the extension of slavery. Prince Alfred, we are happy to record, has recovered from his recent attack of fever. Mr. D. W. Harvey, formerly M.P. for Colchester, and afterwards for Southwark, has just died, aged eighty years. The Associated Chambers of Commerce have had meetings at the Westminster Palace Hotel. A resolution was passed suggesting some alteration in the Patent laws. The Bankruptcy Act of 1861 was deemed capable of amendment; a resolution was passed condemning the expense of legislation by private bill. In the Court of Queen's Bench a rather curious case has been heard. Dr. G. N. Epps sued for the sum of £127 from Mr. Morris for attending Mrs. Morris medically. The defence was a startling one—that the lady was not Mrs. Morris. When Mr. Morris was married to the lady in 1846 she had a husband living. The first husband hearing of her re-marriage, obtained a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, but the House of Lords had not been solicited to sever the nuptial knot. The verdict was given against the plaintiff.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been staying with Earl Spencer of Althorp Park, Northamptonshire. On two occasions the Prince accompanied the Pytchley pack of hounds, and the meet on the second day was such as has not before been witnessed in the county. The people of Northampton on the Prince passing through the town testified their loyalty by loudly cheering; the houses were decorated with flags, evergreens, and various mottoes, and the warmest respect for His Royal Highness was evinced by the whole of the inhabitants. His Royal Highness has held a levee at St. James's Palace, which was most numerous and brilliantly attended. It was the first that has been held for a long time, and more than ordinary interest attached to it as being the first occasion on which His Royal Highness has assumed the honours of the Court. A meeting has been held at the Whitting-

ton Club to compliment Mr. George Thompson, and to present him with an address for his past labours in the cause of human progress; Lord Teynham occupied the chair. Another female impostor, the counterpart of the notorious Alice Grey, has fallen into trouble at Wolverhampton. The custom of the woman was to travel from town to town by railway, and to be found lying on the bottom of a carriage, (an empty one always being chosen), in an apparently insensible state. She had, it seems, some partiality for restoratives, and when consciousness dawned upon her she told a sad tale to her attendants of having been drugged and robbed. From benevolent persons she extracted cash for pity. Wolverhampton has proved an unlucky town for the impostor, where she was recognised; and the magistrates have sent her to prison for three months.

Earl Russell, on Thursday, in reply to Lord Normanby, said the despatches omitted from the Italian correspondence would be produced if moved for. It was untrue, as stated in German newspapers, that Mr. Odo Russell had been ordered to again offer the Pope an asylum. In the Commons the Prince and Princess of Wales' Annuities Bill was read a third time and passed. Mr. H. J. Baillie moved a resolution, the effect of which was that the terms of the Royal proclamation of November 1, 1858, to the princes and people of India, should be fulfilled, and the treaties properly observed. The motion was rejected on a division. The consideration of the Navy Estimates was then proceeded with, and various votes were agreed to. After an explanation by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the scope of the Post-office Savings Bank Bill, it was read a second time. Mr. Reed, chief constructor of the navy, has been ordered to attend at the bar of the House, he having written a letter to Sir F. Smith, charging him with having in his place in Parliament made a false and libellous statement against him.

A contradiction is given from Warsaw to the report that General Mierolawski had taken flight across the frontier. Langiewicz has crossed the Vistula and is operating in the vicinity of Lublin. A band of insurgents hastening to join General Mierolawski has been dispersed, 100 having been killed and 82 taken prisoners. From Cracow of the 26th instant, two engagements are said to have occurred between the Russians and insurgents; in one near Kutno the Russians were defeated. A telegram of the 26th says that though rumours of a Ministerial crisis in Berlin were rife, they had not been confirmed. Marshal O'Donnell and all the other Ministers at Madrid have resigned, as we learn by telegram; and the reason assigned is that the Queen refused her signature to the decree for dissolving the Cortes. A rumour prevails in Paris that the Emperor of Russia has written to the Emperor Napoleon, offering the Polish question to his arbitration. This may prove merely a Bourse rumour. Mr. Bernard, Conservative, has been returned M.P. for Bandon. Two cases in the law courts have commenced, of some interest, but were not concluded on Thursday; one an action by Dr. Campbell, for libel, against the *Saturday Review*, for imputing to him a desire to obtain money on false pretences, and the other the case of Mr. Serjeant Glover against M. Persigny and M. Billault, for not paying him the hire of his paper, the *Morning Chronicle*. The trial had been postponed until the defendants had been examined in Paris by commission. The convict Roupell's forgeries have been again the subject of scrutiny. The Master of the Rolls has had the case taken before him. The trustees of Lord Manvers are desirous to foreclose a mortgage held on the Roupell estate for money advanced, and they maintain the genuine character of the deed of gift from old Mr. Roupell, which the notorious convict declared he had forged. The veracity of the convict's confession will now be thoroughly investigated. The Volunteers of the City of London, to whom authority has been given to be under arms on the 7th proximo, are to be at the stations assigned to them at one o'clock precisely. The order of formation for each corps will be named hereafter to its commanding officer.

## Reviews of Books.

### SIR MORTON PETO ON TAXATION.\*

SIR S. MORTON PETO presses close on the heels of Sir Stafford Northcote. The "Financial Policy" of the Devonshire baronet is followed by this "Inquiry into our Financial Policy" by the member for Finsbury; and, as if to provoke comparison between the two volumes, the second makes its appearance with the same toned paper and antique type which made the former look like a gift-book. The contents of the two volumes differ, however, materially. Beyond the lament over our increased expenditure and recurring deficits which must be the burden of all contemporary writers on finance, they have little in common. The member for Stamford took a survey of the financial history of the past twenty years, and traced our wanderings from that course of economical reform which Sir Robert Peel introduced; Sir S. Morton Peto is content, for the most part, with a review of our present position; he examines the sources of our income and the distribution of our expenditure, and complains of waste in collecting, and waste and folly in spending, the national revenue. "Taxation," wrote

\* Taxation; its Levy and Expenditure. Being an Enquiry into our Financial Policy. By Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. for Finsbury. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.



Hamilton, in the *Federalist*, "tasks the highest powers of the statesman;" and the thoughtful amongst his countrymen must daily grow more and more impressed with the truth of the dictum. If Sir Stafford Northcote's work failed to impress us with the belief that he was master of finance, Sir S. Morton Peto's volume must place him in a still lower position; indeed, it is difficult to see why he published it at all. It is a handsome volume, and its contents show some diligence; a small part is perhaps of real value, but, properly speaking, it is not a book at all; it is a huge swollen newspaper-article, abounding in commonplace remarks, sometimes just, sometimes erroneous, and sometimes requiring qualification by considerations which do not seem to have occurred to the writer. The only portions with respect to which we feel that a reader would find instruction by their perusal, are those dedicated to such subjects as the management of our dockyards, in which the writer is possessed of special information. These parts are too trifling to allow us to suppose that Sir S. Morton Peto felt the burden laid on himself of publishing them to the world; and this sudden freak of authorship on the part of the honourable baronet remains a mystery. It is, however, fair to add, that if a reader were utterly ignorant of our financial system, he would be able to obtain from this volume a tolerably accurate notion of the sources and magnitude of our national revenue, and of the objects on which it is spent; and though the same information might perhaps be derived from the sixpenny Statistical Abstract, it is there presented in too indigestible a form for ordinary readers.

It is so commonly admitted that our present expenditure is excessive, that the Government has prudently determined to reduce it. The decreased expenditure will, of course, leave us a surplus which will probably be absorbed by a corresponding reduction of taxation. Such a course is by no means necessary: a wise impatience of expenditure need not be accompanied by an ignorant impatience of taxation, although it may be doubted whether many would feel concern at our wasteful expenses were they not called upon to contribute their quota towards them. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone will endeavour to save some portion of the probable surplus, and that such members as Sir S. Morton Peto will have the fortitude to support him, however unpopular such a cause may be with constituents clamouring for the remission of taxes. The experience of the last four years should have taught us the danger of providing too narrow a margin over our ascertained expenditure. A Chancellor of the Exchequer occupies no dignified position when he has to excuse a deficiency in the past year on the ground that some unforeseen cause of expenditure has arisen; and his plea provokes the obvious remark that in the affairs of a nation like our own, some unexpected drain will almost always occur. No prudent housekeeper would arrange his expenditure so as to leave no balance to provide for casualties. We have other reasons for hoping that taxes will not be remitted to an extent commensurate with the probable reduction of expenditure. Unsatisfactory as the annual balance-sheets have been of late, they have only attained a semblance of decency by the expedient of renewing obligations which should have been met and discharged; instead of paying our bills when they became due, we have in some cases renewed them, and in others converted them into permanent mortgages. It would seem that no solemnity of engagement can bind Parliament to the performance of its promises: the opposition, whether Whig or Tory, is always ready to join with the "popular" members in a loot upon the Treasury.

As we are to have a reduction of taxation it becomes important to inquire in what direction the remission should take place. Sir S. Morton Peto will give us but little assistance in this inquiry; though he reviews, as we have said, every source of income, and points out the disadvantages incident to each, we find no comparison made between them. The conclusion at which a reader would arrive is, that all taxation is injurious; but as it is unfortunately an inevitable evil, we should have been more thankful had we been told which impost deserved to be stigmatized as the worst. It is obvious that a necessary preliminary is the determination of the degree in which the present system of taxation presses on the different classes of the community, and a statistician who would solve this problem with tolerable accuracy would confer a service on his country. We believe it would be found, on an analysis of the ordinary expenditure of the several ranks of society, that the proportion of income absorbed by taxation, and *a fortiori* the proportion of means, gradually increases but within slight limits as we descend the social scale. If this result be, as we think, well-founded, it would follow that any alleviation of taxation should be effected on those taxes which press on the poor as well as the rich; as far as remission is concerned, the customs and excise duties have more claims on our attention than the income-tax, the stamp duties, and the assessed taxes. Such articles as tea, sugar, beer, and tobacco, absorb a larger proportion of the income of the poor man than of the income of the rich, and the reduction of the duty to which any one of them is subject would, therefore, tend to redress the present inequality of taxation; and such a reduction is further recommended to the financier by the consideration that the use of these articles amongst the poor is repressed by their cost; the increased consumption which would follow on a diminished price would speedily cause a recovery of the revenue lost. As an example of this recovery, we may remind the reader that, whilst the duty on tea was 2s. 2½d. per lb. in 1850, and was only 1s. 5d. per lb. in 1860, the amount of duty received at the Custom House was almost the same. The quantity of tea consumed in the United Kingdom was increased more than one-half, and the average consumption of it by each individual of the population rose

from 1 lb. 14 oz. per annum to 2 lb. 10 oz. per annum. Such considerations as these, coupled with the fact that the gradual reduction of the tea duty to one shilling per pound formed for some time part of our financial programme, may probably induce Mr. Gladstone to prepare some revision of the duty on tea; and there are cogent reasons why some alteration should be made in the sugar duties, even though no remission of them be contemplated. The principle of imposing rates of duty, varying with the quality of the article imported, does, indeed, seem fair to the consumer of the inferior qualities; but it involves considerable trouble and expense, and the apparent injustice of imposing a uniform rate of duty disappears when we consider the impost as part of our financial system. A uniform duty on tea has been adopted for many years with universal approval, and there can be little doubt but that we must shortly equalize the sugar duties. A duty which depends on the colour of sugar, "white-clayed, yellow, or brown," seems to carry with it its own condemnation. A colour-blind officer or a foggy day in Lower Thames-street may change the rate of duty. "The Commissioners of Customs," writes Sir S. Morton Peto, "state in their reports that they have taken great pains to provide at the Custom House a room for the examination of sugars, so peculiarly well lighted that there can be no error in taking the sugar duties, in consequence of difference of colour arising from defects of the light in the apartment in which the examination is made. But it seems to me that the very necessity of making such special provision proves the difficulty of levying the duty under this system. The Commissioners may provide the best lighted apartment in Thames-street, but they cannot provide in this climate against the effects of atmosphere. The very direction of the wind will occasion over or under value, as it does or does not drive the smoke of London towards the Custom House." There is another and fatal objection to the differential duties. The principal effect of them is to cause the greater part of the sugars imported to be of the lowest quality, and to protect the sugar-refiners at home. The system, which, on the face of it, appears designed, in a spirit of justice, to the consumer, is, in fact, a mere protective system in favour of a peculiar body of manufacturers.

Next to the customs and excise duties there are two sources of revenue which must occupy the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Gladstone will probably not forget that he was in a minority last year on the question of reducing the duty on fire insurance, and though the proposed reduction was defeated at a subsequent stage, yet a compact body of M.P.'s from all sides of the house have pledged themselves to endeavour to procure a diminution or abolition of the duty. The fact that nearly two hundred members have united on such a question will probably furnish a more powerful argument than could be derived from any consideration of the objections to the tax. Those objections are, however, very weighty: a tax on the performance of a common duty could scarcely in any case be defended, but to this consideration we must add the fact that the fire insurance duty is really one of the most onerous taxes which brings money into the exchequer. A fallacious attempt was made some time since to prove the contrary by comparing the rate of the tax with the value of the property insured. Such a test is, however, inadmissible; in comparing with one another taxes on acts or enjoyments, the true test is not to be found in the means of the tax-payer, but in the degree in which the expense of the act or enjoyment is heightened by the imposition of the tax: the burden of the tax on wine is measured by the ratio of the expense of drinking an untaxed and a taxed bottle; and, if we apply this test to the duties on fire insurance, we find that the cost of ordinary insurance is trebled by their imposition. The second source of revenue which must occasion Mr. Gladstone some anxiety is the income-tax. The excessive unpopularity of that impost may lead him to propose a return to the rate of seven-pence in the pound, and it may not be improbable that he still retains the hope he once possessed that it may some day be altogether repealed. It is undoubtedly possible that the expenditure of the country may be so reduced that we should be able to dispense with this source of income, but it must be obvious on very slight consideration that its removal would introduce great injustice in our fiscal system. The impropriety of the present tax cannot be too severely denounced, but a revenue raised principally from the customs and excise would be still more unjust. Some direct tax must be preserved as an element of our finance to counter-balance the unequal pressure on the lower classes of the duties on tea, sugar, beer, and tobacco. Sir S. Morton Peto's chapter on the income-tax is remarkable for its simplicity: his reading on the subject seems to have extended no further than to the blue-book of Mr. Hume's committee; he altogether ignores the report of Mr. Hubbard's committee, and treats the capitalization scheme of the actuaries as if it had never been the subject of attack and defence. Though we believe him right in his conclusions, he appears to have no knowledge of the specious arguments by which they have been assailed, or of the difficulty of carrying them out.

At no time for many years has there been a better occasion for the return of our Government to the path of economy and prudence. We may reasonably hope that such a step will have some influence on other nations than our own. Wherever the financier turns he is now met by cries of distress over annually recurring deficits. Neither M. Fould's logic nor his financial sleight-of-hand has succeeded in keeping the French expenditure within its income. If we look from Russia to Italy, from Italy to Austria, from Austria to Turkey, we pass from one state of embarrassment to another in still worse condition. The position of the States is too peculiar to be judged by the rules of ordinary years; but our own colonies seem without sufficient reason to be incurring debt and



accumulating burdens on their successors. The provinces of North America already feel the difficulties of indebtedness, but the Australian colonies gaily pass from one year's deficit to another, and take no thought of the future. The spectacle of the statesmen of the mother-country turning to a serious consideration of their financial position may induce the leaders of opinion in some of these young communities to follow their example.

#### FERGUSSON'S MODERN ARCHITECTURE.\*

MR. FERGUSSON is the most eminent living critic of architecture. He has studied with unwearied patience, he loves his art, and he writes a vigorous style; but, like another great critic, rather of art than of architecture, he is convinced that the whole world is in grievous error, and that it is his duty to proclaim this truth.

In two previous volumes Mr. Fergusson discussed the styles of architecture anterior to the Reformation, as well those that then ended as those that still continue beyond the reach of the baneful influence of modern civilization, where the Chinese rejoice in inverted curves and the Indians caricature the noble art of the Arabs. He has, after some delay, brought himself to the less grateful task of recording the intricate history of the modern styles, and we can sympathize with the historian who leaves the pleasant paths of antiquity, where everything is as regular, though not quite as precise, as in Plato's Paradise, for the crooked ways of the moderns, where all is unexpected and much is wrong. The two great schools are distinguished as the True Styles, and the Copying, or Imitative, Styles. We should have preferred "original" to "true," and "derived" to "copying." Mr. Fergusson finds great fault with Pugin for his perpetual harping on truth in art; and we are accordingly disposed to smile when so severe a critic says of the restoration of architecture "to the position of a truthful and real art," that it is a matter "so important that it is childish to despair, and wicked not to do what can be done to bring about an object in every respect so desirable."

In the former volumes the object was simply history; in the present it is not merely history, but its practical application; and this second motive is evidently that for which the work was written. The author strives to prove all contemporary architects, at least of England, to be wrong in principle and practice; and this idea is in his mind while he describes the steps which led up or down to the present state of the art.

In an interesting introductory essay the origin of modern architecture is skilfully traced. The forces that led to its production are said to have been the tastes originated by the newly-recovered classical literature; the injury to ecclesiastical art caused by the Reformation; the influence that palatial and other domestic architecture thenceforward exercised on religious architecture, to its manifest detriment; and the greater importance of internal over external architecture in Christian places of worship. In pointing out "the difference between an imitative and a true style," he thus lays down the principles of the latter. "The architect had only to consider, first, how he could contrive the most convenient and appropriate building; secondly, how he could arrange this so as to be most ornamental, with the least possible sacrifice of convenience; and thirdly, how he could accentuate and ornament his construction so as to be most obvious and most elegant" (pp. 9, 10). He shows that the Italians of the Renaissance sinned against these canons by the importance they gave to painting in the adornment of interiors, so as to make a church sometimes little more than a receptacle for pictorial decoration. But when he regrets that they did not employ sculpture for external ornament he does not seem to perceive that to do so is to violate the excellent but strict principles he had laid down. We are aware that in saying this we lay ourselves open to the terrible charge of finding fault with the Greeks, and we will frankly confess that we think Greek architecture suffered by the temples being the shrines of great statues and the receptacles for beautiful bas-reliefs, though having been formed before the development of sculpture it did not suffer to the same extent as the Italian. In working out the problem of the origin of Italian art, Mr. Fergusson startles us with some assertions, as where he denies to the middle ages "any literature of their own;" and, having just mentioned Dante, adds, "but neither in poetry nor in prose, in science nor in literature, had the dark ages produced anything that could for one moment stand in comparison with the glorious literary productions of Greek and Roman civilization" (p. 5). Dante, we admit, was influenced by classical reading, yet his was essentially a pure mediæval genius; indeed, Mr. Fergusson admits as much, and contemporary architecture shows that the classical rage had in his time not yet begun. And when we read of the enthusiasm the Italians, and especially the Romans, felt for their ancient monuments in the age of the revival of letters, we remember how Petrarch laments the indifference of the people of Rome to the wonders amid which they lived. Excepting Rienzi and John Colonna, he himself was better acquainted with the antiquities of the City than its nobles or people. "For who to-day," he says, "are more ignorant of the affairs of Rome than the Roman citizens? Unwillingly I say, nowhere is Rome less known than at Rome." Times gradually improved, yet long after the beginning of modern art the ancient buildings of Rome were used as quarries for each new palace.

The causes we have endeavoured to state are judged by Mr.

\* History of the Modern Styles of Architecture; being a Sequel to the Handbook of Architecture. By James Fergusson. London: Murray. 1862.

Fergusson to be sufficient to account for the formal changes that were introduced in architecture at the Reformation. "The real and essential change" he looks for deeper, and endeavours to explain in a philosophical manner. Dividing arts into technic and phonetic, or, we would say, practical and fine, a terminology which if less accurate is not open to the charge of affectation, he attempts to show that architecture, which was of old "nothing more than the æsthetic form of the purely technic art of building," came to be cultivated after the Reformation "on the principles which belong only to one of the phonetic class." Instead of being a practical work, which was added to or altered as time and necessity required, on a fixed principle of utility, an edifice became, like a poem or a sculpture, the expression of one mind never to be afterwards touched. In support of this idea, he observes that we know the names of all modern architects, so that the most interesting history of their architecture would be a record of their lives, just as we know the names of all the writers of poems; but "we do not know, or care to know, the name of a single Egyptian or Indian architect" (p. 20). This is not strictly correct even as to Egypt; but how will Mr. Fergusson reconcile with this sweeping assertion the fact that we know the names of many of the great Greek architects, though the sculptor always is the principal person in the history of the building; Phidias is remembered but Ictinus is not forgotten. In Gothic art the names of architects are often lost, in Arab art, sometimes. Another cause of the decline of modern architecture is, we are told, that it has fallen into the hands of professional men, as if nearly all the great works of ancient and modern times, material or mental, had not been achieved by men working for their bread (pp. 22, 23, 29, seqq.). It is strange, after reading this complaint, to find an objection to the learned precision of the present architects, who are defined to be either archaeologists or scholars, according as they follow Gothic or Greek rules, and who are directed to witness the success in other countries of untutored and unfettered practical genius (pp. 29-35, ix.).

We have been unable fully to state Mr. Fergusson's argument, but we believe we have omitted no important point. To us it seems unsatisfactory in its philosophical part, where we think he has refined away and missed the true explanation. In former times each nation or race had its own art: it neither knew nor cared for that of aliens; zealously devoted to the furtherance of its native taste, that taste it applied to its fullest capability. Since the great discoveries that have made travel easy, and opened new regions of the globe to the commerce of the old nations, essential differences have been gradually obliterated, nationalities gradually merged, arts gradually assimilated, knowledge equally spread. Hence an enormous acquisition of materials and a consequent embarrassment of the student. The architect like the sculptor is weakened by the array of examples before him. He knows more and can do less. This is the inevitable result of civilization, and we are disposed to think a really original style no longer possible.

Mr. Fergusson passes in review, with much skill and his constant acuteness, the principal modern edifices of Italy, Spain and Portugal, France, England, Germany, North-western Europe, Russia, Colonial India, Turkey, and the American colonies. At the close of the book devoted to England are two chapters on the Classical and the Gothic revivals, which will doubtless be read with much relish by those they immediately concern. These chapters we take to express the general practical conclusion of the whole examination. He distinguishes the two revivals from the Renaissance as having the purpose of absolute imitation, not adaptation. St. Peter's and St. Paul's are not Roman, the Madeleine is absolutely Classical, and a dozen Gothic churches in London are pure copies of old models. The edifices of the Classical revival are discriminately and tenderly criticised, though it must be observed that they are made to include Barry's Italian works, which, though acknowledged not to be properly of the class, yet seem to save it from the charge of being unpractical. The Gothic revival is treated in a very different tone. In much we agree. We admit the wildness of the Mediævalists, and the injury to art of blindly copying any style, however good; but we do not see the logic that makes imitation forgery. Pugin never intended to deceive; all he intended was a complete copy. A forgery is a copy with intent to deceive. In denouncing the Gothicists, Mr. Fergusson injures his cause by indulging in invective that is contradicted elsewhere in this volume. How much justice is done to the Gothic revival may be understood when the only works criticized are St. Luke's, Chelsea, not pure Gothic, as acknowledged; Windsor Castle, an adaptation; the Houses of Parliament, Tudor; and the new Museum at Oxford, by no means a favourable specimen of the school; whereas the Classical Revival is illustrated by criticism of New St. Pancras Church, the Bank, University College, the National Gallery, the British Museum, the Fitzwilliam Museum, St. George's Hall, Grange House, the Edinburgh Royal Institution, and the new High School, not to speak of Barry's Italian edifices.

No doubt an equal review of the Gothic school would not be possible without largely criticising living architects, whose works, be it remembered, occupy the same position in time, with reference to the commencement of their revival, that is held by the chief buildings of their classical rivals previously examined. They have to a great degree ceased to copy, and in London alone we can point to a multitude of works showing appreciation rather than imitation. The two best, we think, are the younger Barry's Schools in St. Giles's, and Wild's Schools in Castle-street, a little to the south-east, hidden



in an alley and injured by the glazing, after completion, of the open playground in the upper storey. But there are many churches, especially some of the most recent, that are as well adapted to modern Protestant worship as Gothic art ever can be. We prefer Byzantine or Lombard, and for plan know nothing better than Mr. Cockerell's Hanover Chapel in Regent-street; but, architecturally, we deny that all our Gothic churches are mere imitations.

Mr. Fergusson shows with some force the failings of both styles for modern requirements; but when he proposes as a substitute "a style which, for want of a better name, is sometimes called the Italian, but should be called the common-sense style," and tells us that his "one hope lies in the knowledge" of this third resource, we confess that after all the monstrosities that his whole book undertakes to prove, and proves, to have come out of the Pandora's Box of Italian architecture, we have little confidence in the hope he has discovered lying in the bottom. It must be recollected that he has condemned for defects of design "every building erected from Palladio's time to our own day" (p. 29). Gothic art has this great advantage over Italian that it was once great and pure, and was never utterly perverted; this advantage over classical that we do not really know what classical architecture was, how, for instance, the Greek temples were roofed. If our architects cease to copy but rather study how their predecessors used the materials in their hands in different climates and for different purposes, we may hope for a more congruous school of architecture; a great and original school it is to be feared our civilization will never produce.

In an appendix on "Ethnology from an Architectural Point of View" Mr. Fergusson has given the reins to his love of grand generalizations, and unstripped even Renan in the race. He divides mankind into four great stocks: the Turanian, the Semitic, the Celtic, and the Aryan; and under the head of each discusses its religion, government, morals, literature, arts, and sciences. We wish that he had read this very curious essay at the Ethnological Society, before printing it here. He would then, perhaps, have doubted whether Turanian meant anything more than neither Semitic nor Aryan, and learnt that in this class are included races far more distinct than the Celts and the Shemites, almost infinitely more than the Shemites and the Aryans. To put these four races upon the same ethnological footing is contrary to received ethnology. But leaving Mr. Fergusson's theories, we must notice his facts:—"The Semitic races never erected a building worthy of the name" (p. 512). We thought that there was such a thing as Arab art, for which we refer the reader to Mr. Fergusson's former volumes, an independent and intensely original style, not so much an outgrowth of the Byzantine as was the Gothic. "No Turanian race ever rose to the idea of a God external to the world. All their gods were men who had lived with them on the face of the earth" (p. 502). Yet the Egyptians, Mr. Fergusson's "typical Turanians" of the old world (p. 501), worshipped no ancestor, excepting possibly in a very low position of their system. All the great gods were cosmic or else connected with the powers of the universe; and the only ones which show any traces of ancestral origin, traces unknown to the Egyptians, were derived from the Shemites. The "great and distinguishing tenet [of the Shemites] is and always was the unity of God, and his not being born of man" (p. 509). How does he explain the monstrous polytheism of the Arabs before Mohammad, of the Phœnicians, of the Assyrians? But here we trace M. Renan, and it is needless to argue with any one caught in the meshes of his enticing rhetoric.

We close Mr. Fergusson's work with great admiration for his care in collecting materials, and his acuteness in criticizing them, with great regret for the animus with which he has discussed questions of taste, and with an earnest hope that he will let ethnology alone, or study it as he has studied architecture, before he finally allies himself to the prophets of generalization.

#### HYMN-BOOKS.\*

HYMNS have an office among Protestants not unlike that of pictures and images in Roman Catholic countries. The intellectual as well as the material symbol serves to present and recommend to the imagination, by the aid of a popular artistic treatment, the facts and doctrines of Christianity. Both are addressed to the majority, and must be judged, in the first place, by their power of affecting the majority. It would almost seem at present as if, in painting and sculpture, this requirement were inconsistent with any artistic excellence at all. But this is probably only a result of the corruption, or rather changed direction, of taste in our day. The masses, all over Europe, are either indifferent to art, or take pleasure in mere delusive imitations of the highest style. This is seen, for example, in the sickly sentiment and false finish of the religious engravings and statuettes with which Bavaria supplies the whole Roman Catholic world. It is easy to say, and perhaps natural to feel, that people had better not care about art at all, than learn to love its Brummagem or Regensburg counterfeit, but this is only half true. A great artist, who could address the people in their own language, would find an audience such as no other has had since Holbein and Dürer.

In the case of hymns, meantime, though we keep the same primary requirement in view, we may congratulate ourselves that the conditions do not seem to exclude a high degree of poetical

merit. The easy metre, simple language, and rigorous adherence to one thought, which mark a good hymn, attract rather than repel the poetical student. Familiarity will enable him to feel the intensity which speaks through the unaffected and often uncultivated utterance of the writers, and that reflective delicacy which nothing but an overpowering moral motive can fully supply. The poetry of the Bible itself will acquire a new meaning when recast by the imagination of a Lutheran or Puritan believer. No meaner subject could inspire an ignorant cobbler with so vigorous and noble a strain as this:—

"Though nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way  
At his command;  
The watery deep I pass  
With Jesus in my view,  
And through the howling wilderness  
My way pursue.

"The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty blest,  
A land of sacred liberty  
And endless rest;  
There milk and honey flow  
And oil and wine abound,  
And trees of life for ever grow,  
With mercy crown'd."

The fervent imagination has here fused the image and the reality together, and produced a result quite inimitable by more conscious art.

It must be admitted, however, that the study which is rewarded by these occasional pleasures needs all the encouragement than can be derived from them to reconcile us to its intermediate dullness. The number of bad hymns in the world is truly appalling. Extremes appear to meet in the works of the same writer oftener here than in other departments of literature. The great object seems to be to keep up a steady flow of verse, and the beauties and deformities have alike an accidental and unpremeditated air. This is especially the case with Watts, whom we may regard as the typical English hymn-writer, both from his great fertility and popularity, and from his unflinching adherence to the proper conditions of the hymn. No writer has left behind him a greater number of bald and unmeaning verses, and yet none has reached so fully the utmost dignity and grace of which the material is susceptible. His great hymn,—

"When I survey the wondrous Cross," &c.

is generally known and admired, but there are many others—buried hitherto in uninviting "Collections"—of equal if not superior merit.

To rescue these and other similar works from bad company and damaging associations, and to introduce them to the general world of readers in an acceptable form, was an object as worthy of one of the Queen's Ministers as to vindicate the fair fame of Helen, or the application of Zulu criticism to Manetho. These are the relaxations of Sir Roundell Palmer's colleagues; while, on the other hand, the Premier may yet, we trust, live to give a permanent form to his speculations on original sin, and Lord Westbury complete the unhappily still fragmentary religious autobiography of Sir R. Bethell.

The Solicitor-General has chosen a less controversial path. Even a religious newspaper would seek in vain there for the elements of strife. On the contrary, there is an atmosphere of concord and a prospect of ultimate unity which might reduce to peaceable behaviour a much worse man than the religious partizan generally is. It is truly wonderful that this should be almost the first attempt to make a collection of hymns with any other than a partizan or sectarian object. The meaner passions of mankind, which seem to choose religion as a field in which to display themselves, have left abundant traces of their workings here. Hymn-writers themselves have been too apt to present Christianity in a sanguinary and distorted aspect, and to accompany the words of universal charity with an undertone of selfish security and triumph. These faults cannot however be justly charged to their account, any more than the improbability or brutality of a legend to that of the wood-engraver or sculptor who represents it. They are a part of what we may call without offence popular religion—the cheap and handy compendium of infinite truths. The cruelty which they seem to express is practically consistent, not only with indulgent judgment, but with charitable hope for individuals. Watts, a man of the tenderest nature, could write for children:—

"There is a dreadful hell  
And everlasting pains,  
Where sinners shall with devils dwell  
In darkness, fire, and chains."

And this, again, to be sung by a small congregation of Dissenters:—

"We are a garden walled around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground;  
A little spot, enclosed by grace,  
Out of the world's wide wilderness."

Apart from these grosser faults of sentiment, there are many besetting sins common to hymn-writers. Simplicity may be

\* The Book of Praise. From the best English hymn-writers. Selected and arranged by Roundell Palmer. Macmillan.  
Hymns for the Church of England. Longmans. 1863.  
The Chorale Book for England. Longmans.



allowed to take a homely air, but it must not become the excuse for meanness or vulgarity. As in Watts :—

"Lord, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame;  
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,  
And scarce deserves the name!"

And again :—

"My heart, how dreadful hard it is!  
How heavy here it lies;  
Heavy and cold within my breast,  
Just like a rock of ice!"

A more offensive fault than this is that almost amorous familiarity with which the second person of the Trinity is sometimes addressed. This belongs chiefly to the Moravian and Lutheran hymnology; but, strangely enough, the same tendency is prominent in the prose meditations of Roman Catholic mystics. The comparatively sober tone of English character subdues even our fanaticism, and makes faults like these exceedingly rare, even in books of the darkest shade of doctrine.

Sir Roundell Palmer has succeeded in producing a collection of hymns which will probably attract the attention of a wider circle of readers than any which have gone before. It is probable that many lovers of the poetry and devotion of the Caroline epoch may be disappointed at their scanty representation in the book. But a moment's consideration of the special nature and requirements of a hymn, as distinguished from a religious or devotional poem, will justify the editor. The merits and defects of the great writers of that time alike unfit them for such a collection. Irregular metres, crabbed rhythm, a parade of learned and secular allusions, and a philosophical turn of thought—these are all faults for the collector's purpose, however indulgently or even fondly an individual student may regard them. We cannot but regret very much, however, the absence of a hymn of Donne's, beginning "Canst Thou forgive?" in which all these foibles are conspicuous by their absence. It is given in Walton's *Life*, and any one who will read it there will, we think, agree with us that it approaches as nearly to the perfect ideal of such compositions as any other in the language.

Throughout the whole collection there is evidence of very great care in arrangement. It is admirably worked out. If there be any fault, we should say it was over-arrangement; but this must be a matter which use alone can decide. In the important matter of texts, Sir Roundell Palmer goes on the unexceptionable principle of restoring the original words of the author, or, in the event of any variation being maintained, indicating the source of it. In one instance, a little laxity might have been used with advantage. Toplady appears to have written in the last stanza of the well-known "Rock of Ages,"—

"When my eyestrings break in death;"

the generally-received variation is,—

"When my eyelids close in death,"

and we regret that this was not retained.

The book is prettily printed and bound, in the "Golden Treasury" style, and is adorned with a powerful drawing by Mr. Woolner, representing David with his harp.

A much less successful collection is contained in a very pretentious, but empty little book, entitled, "Hymns for the Church of England." In an anonymous preface we are told that the best efforts have been used to make this book of hymns agree with the reverent and grave tone of Holy Scripture and the Book of Common Prayer. The editor appears to be one of that too numerous class who think that "reverence," "gravity," the Prayer-book, the Bible, and the Church, are opposed to taste and imagination. We submit that even a Nonconformist poet deserves better treatment than the unfortunate Watts receives at the hands of this anonymous Procrustes.

Watts writes :—

"See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down."

His improver substitutes, out of regard for reverence, gravity, and the Book of Common Prayer :—

"Behold His head, His hands, His feet;  
See love and sorrow flowing down."

The same fatality pursues him in the changes which his principles demanded in other hymns.

"The English Chorale Book," was noticed weeks ago in these columns as a collection of tunes, but it is still more remarkable as a hymn-book. It contains 200 German hymns translated by Miss Winkworth, whose previous translations, published under the name of "Lyra Germanica," are widely known. If they were published as original hymns they would immediately take a high rank; but the fact of their being translations rather enhances than diminishes their merits. Miss Winkworth's English is excellent, and she knows how to give it modifications suited to the date and character of each original. This, from Luther's "Ein feste Burg," is as nervous and gnarled as the original :—

And were the world with devils fill'd,  
All eager to devour us,  
Our souls to fear should little yield,  
They cannot overpower us.

Their dreaded Prince no more  
Harms us as of yore;  
Look grim as he may,  
Doom'd is his ancient sway,  
A word can overthrow him.

Even hymn-writing is not exempted from the peculiar dangers of the time. We are perhaps getting too self-conscious to deal successfully with so simple and frank a form of expression. The delicacy and warmth of Herbert are revived in Keble; but the popular element is wanting. Perhaps the higher gifts exclude the lower, and we must be content to exchange artless beauty and strength for a less powerful but more varied and subtle style. Yet the immense popularity of "revival" hymn-books among the classes for whose religious education hymns chiefly exist, is a fact which should encourage literary artists of a superior order to study how they may, in this species of poetry, appeal to the devotional feelings of the many, without offending the taste and judgment of the educated few.

#### KNIGHT'S POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND.\*

AFTER seven years' labour, Mr. Knight has at length completed the great work of his literary life. The object he set to himself in the beginning, was to write a book worthy to be put into the hands of "a young man of eighteen who asks for a history of England," and he has reason to believe, he tells us with justifiable pride, that he has been successful. Not only has the History been received with a large measure of public favour, but so competent a judge as Mr. Kingsley recommended it as a text book in lectures delivered to a class of which the Prince of Wales was a member. It has thus received an official as well as a popular sanction.

The concluding volume is perhaps even more valuable than its predecessors, for it deals with a period hitherto almost untouched by historians. In England, as elsewhere, recent events are those which men know the least about. They are too near for distinct vision. Like the words on a printed page held close to the eye, they always seem blotted and confused. A narrative of them comes with the force of a surprise even upon those who acted a part in them. Moreover, it is not easy to write such a narrative. The materials are not readily accessible, and if they are attained, they are mostly used only in accordance with the bias of the writer. This is the defect which disfigures the pages of Miss Martineau and Sir A. Alison, so that not until now have we had a continuous history of the momentous events of the long peace, free alike from sectarian and party prejudice. Mr. Knight, though he writes throughout from a liberal point of view, has, in a spirit of wise self-denial, determined to impart knowledge without battling for opinions. He tells the truth, and the whole truth, but leaves the inference to be drawn by the reader.

It would be impossible even to indicate the variety of subjects treated of by Mr. Knight, but they have one notable characteristic in common. With the exception of the opening chapters, which are devoted to the American War of 1812 and to the Hundred Days, the book relates almost exclusively to domestic events. After the fall of Bonaparte, Englishmen lost their interest for a while in the affairs of other nations, and confined their attention chiefly to their own. The great political and social problems, the solution of which had been interrupted by the war, monopolized the public mind. Foreign affairs sunk into the second place, and few, outside Downing-street, knew or cared much about them. They did not regulate the fate of ministries. They scarcely ever furnished the materials of a Parliamentary debate. The prevailing temper was well represented in a humorous letter addressed by Sydney Smith to the Countess Grey :—

"For God's sake," he writes in 1823, "do not drag me into another war! I was worn down and worn out with crusading and defending Europe and protecting mankind. I must think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards; I am sorry for the Greeks; I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed; I do not like the present state of the Delta; Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be the champion of the Decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats. No war, dear Lady Grey! No eloquence, but apathy, selfishness, common-sense, arithmetic. I beseech you, secure Lord Grey's sword and pistols, as the house-keeper did Don Quixote's armour. If there is another war, life will not be worth having."

And there was no alteration in this phase of feeling until the year 1848. Then a reaction set in. The bursting of the Chartist bubble proved the stability of our institutions, and the success of the efforts by which they had been built up.

At peace among ourselves, with our principal subjects of controversy settled once and for ever, we could afford to rest upon our oars, and enjoy the luxury of watching the tempests which were shaking every throne in Europe, but from which our own foresight and wisdom had saved us. The current of popular sympathy and interest began once more to flow outwards, and has continued in the same channel from that time to this. But not only have the stirring episodes of the Russian and Italian wars, the Indian Mutiny, and the American Rebellion so absorbed men's

\* Knight's Popular History of England. Vol. 8. Bradbury and Evans.



thoughts as to render our history at home a blank; they have also gone far to extinguish the memory of the great measures of the peace. Yet no period since the Revolution has been so fraught with blessings for England. The chronicle of almost unbroken prosperity may appear tame to readers nourished on the sensation literature which wars produce. While the ear is filled with the sound of the conflict of armed hosts, it may be difficult to appreciate the import of debates on finance or representative institutions. But when the English historian comes to arrange the events of the past half century—as far as they affect his country—in their order of magnitude, he will assuredly assign the place of precedence to the epoch in which the bloodless but decisive battles for Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and Free-trade were fought and won.

Breathing the calm political atmosphere of 1863, we are able to laugh at the panic caused by each of these measures in its turn, especially by the Reform Bill. Yet there was good excuse at the time for what Lord Sidmouth called "the regrets of the good, the fears of the wise." The French Revolution of 1830 had given new audacity to the violent reformers, and signs were not wanting that a similar catastrophe was quite possible in England. Of course the Government were not responsible for the excess of the dregs of their supporters, but it must be admitted that there was some truth in the charge brought against them by Sir Robert Peel, that "they had, like the giant enemy of the Philistines, lighted three hundred brands and scattered through the country discord and dismay." Their language was sometimes rather inflammatory, and on one occasion, even so cautious a leader as Lord John Russell hinted that the "whisper of a faction" might be effectually stifled by suspending the payment of taxes. Still they are not chargeable in any way with the acts of violence perpetrated in every corner of the kingdom. These were the results of the frenzied appeals of fanatics like "Orator Hunt." At Derby the city gaol was broken open. The castle at Nottingham was burnt to the ground by an infuriated mob. Bristol suffered even more severely: for two whole days a crowd of blackguards and pitmen shouting for "drink or blood" held the lives of the citizens at their mercy. Agricultural labourers took to rick-burning and manufacturing operatives to smashing machinery. Besides all this, the terrible shadow of advancing cholera roused the fears of the superstitious. No wonder that the prophets of evil were plentiful. Sir Robert Inglis was "quite sure" that in ten years the House of Lords would be clean swept away. Lord Eldon declared that the sun of England had set for ever. The Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench solemnly washed his hands of any share in his country's impending ruin. Nor were these gloomy forebodings confined to the Tories only. They prevailed among men of all parties, and were shared by the most liberal thinkers. Dr. Arnold—a man not prone to idle fears—was deeply anxious as to the future of his country. Yet the dreaded Reformed Parliaments have done nothing revolutionary, and the course of improvement has been steady but gradual. Thus, the results of the Bill have falsified the fears of the ultra Tories, and at the same time disappointed the hopes of the ultra Liberals. The latter find their favourite schemes as far from realization as ever, and accordingly revenge themselves by denouncing the Bill as a constitutional hoax and its authors as selfish impostors. One of their most brilliant writers declares it to have been a sham in schedule A, a greater sham in schedule B, while the aggregate representation of the people remained as delusive as in the days of Walpole. Reasonable people, however, will be well satisfied with the progress that has been made, and will feel thankful that the crude ideas of some of the more ardent members of the Parliament of 1833 have never found their way beyond the order-book of the House of Commons. A new municipal system, sweeping away exclusive and corrupting privileges; a poor-law under which the pauper, though well cared for, is no longer petted and pampered; increased liberty of action for the colonies; the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, bought with a heavier price than thick and thin abolitionists will acknowledge; a civil code stripped of the absurdities which, until lately, formed part of the system extolled as the perfection of human reason; criminal jurisprudence purified from barbarities disgraceful to humanity; and, greatest perhaps of all, the firm establishment of Free-trade,—these are some of the chief triumphs of a reforming era.

But if we would measure all that has been done, we must look beyond the statute-book, and follow Mr. Knight's interesting chapters on our social improvement. We could have no better guide, for he has himself had an honourable share in the changes which have been wrought. The chasm is wide that separates the England of 1815 from the England of to-day. Old things have indeed passed away. Our modes of living, travelling, thinking, have all been revolutionized. The sanitary reformers have been at work, rooting out the lurking-places of pestilence and crime which disgrace great cities. Their success is as yet but partial: "guilt gardens" still exist, and still pour forth their miserable army of beggars and robbers seeking prey. New Oxford-street has swept away the "Rookery" and "Holy Land;" but the network of fever-stricken alleys of St. Giles remain. Yet much has been done, as the Bills of Mortality can testify. Public baths, new parks, improved lodging-houses, have brought cleanliness and health within the reach of the poorest. The labours of the engineer have been more remarkable. George Stephenson has been the father of a great race of energetic men, who have woven an iron web round the world. A generation has hardly elapsed since the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened, yet what stupendous results

have been already achieved! Last, but not least in importance, "the schoolmaster has been abroad." England has relieved herself from the stigma of being the worst educated country in Europe. For twenty years after the peace, no legislative progress on the subject was made; but the efforts of Lord Brougham were gradually undermining the old opinion that a "little learning was a dangerous thing." The success of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of the London University, and of Mechanics' Institutes, at length convinced people that a little learning was a great deal better than none at all. The cause of education became and has continued popular. No one speaks coldly of it now. If it suffers at all, it is from the rival theories of friends, and not from the attacks of enemies. Some idea of the changed temper of the public may be formed from the education estimates. In 1838, they amounted to £30,000, and even this sum was not voted without a hard struggle; in 1862, £915,000 were given almost without discussion. Even more significant is the vast increase in periodical literature, which Mr. Knight rightly regards as a true measure of the increase of the popular appetite for knowledge.

Altogether we have good reason to be proud of the period of the peace. Its commencement dawned on a nation torn with internal disputes, class prejudices, and class animosities. All these are happily removed, and so calm and contented is the immediate present, that we are wont to say that there are no longer any great questions. But, though we may be at rest for a moment, it would be absurd to suppose that we have entered on a national millennium. The sky is bright overhead, but clouds, no bigger than a man's hand, may any day blacken it with storms. It may be our destiny to have to weather them. Meantime, there can be no better preparation for the task than the study of dangers and difficulties already overcome. "The harvest gathered in the fields of the past," says Dr. Arnold, "is to be brought home for the use of the present." We should take advantage of the sunshine we enjoy to gather the harvest in, and then, strengthened by the lessons it teaches, we shall be better able to meet the conflicts of the future.

#### THE STORY OF A SIBERIAN EXILE.\*

M. PIETROWSKI'S narrative is as interesting as a romance, yet it seems to be entirely authentic. Without any apparent exaggeration or malice, he tells the story of his sufferings, and of his flight from that land whence very few travellers return. Many an exile has attempted to make his escape, but "the many fail, the one succeeds." The chances against success are great indeed. Perils of all sorts must be incurred, terrible and protracted hardships have to be endured, before the poor and friendless fugitive can hope to traverse the endless plains and cross the mountain-ranges which lie between him and freedom. Alone he is fighting with a mighty government, and if he is overcome in the struggle, a fearful punishment awaits him. In the year 1837, an extensive conspiracy was organized among the exiles. A simultaneous rising was planned; the fortresses were to be seized, and a stand made against the imperial troops, while, in case of a reverse, the conspirators were to retire towards Bokhara, and so make their way to British India. But on the eve of the appointed day the plot was discovered. The ringleader was an Abbé Sierocinski, who had been the superior of a convent of St. Basil, in Volhynia, and he was condemned, together with five of his associates, to receive "seven thousand lashes without mercy." None of them lived to undergo the whole number of lashes.

"The Abbé Sierocinski had been purposely reserved to the last, in order that he might witness the sufferings of all his friends. When his turn came, the signal was given, the fatal march began"—for the sentence was executed by soldiers, between whose ranks the victim was forced to walk slowly—"and the old superior of the Basilian convent chanted in a loud, clear voice, 'Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam!' General Galafiev called to those who struck, 'Harder! harder!' and for several minutes the priest's chant rose above the whistling of the rods and the cries of the commanding officer. Sierocinski had only passed once through the ranks, that is to say, he had only received one thousand blows, when he fell upon the snow bathed in his own blood, and senseless. In vain they attempted to place him on his feet. He was then laid on a tumbrel prepared beforehand for the purpose, and fastened to a support in such a way as to let the blows fall on his back and shoulders, and thus a second time he passed along. When this second passage was gone through, his groans and screams were still audible; but they gradually got weaker, though he did not expire till after the fourth turn; the last three thousand lashes were laid upon a corpse."

Such is the sickening story which M. Pietrowski tells of the termination of this abortive enterprise. Had he himself been captured during his flight, his own fate might have added another sad chapter to the history of Russian cruelty which remains to be written. It is to be hoped that he has profited by experience, and that he will not again expose himself to dangers from which he has so narrowly escaped.

Early in the year 1843, M. Pietrowski left Paris for Poland, at the command of the secret society to which he belonged. By the aid of an American friend, he obtained an English passport, describing him as a native of Malta; and, fortified with this veracious document, he boldly set out on his journey. Kaminiec, a town of Podolia, was the spot in which he was instructed to locate himself, and there, accordingly, he settled as a teacher of

\* The Story of a Siberian Exile. By M. Rufin Pietrowski. Followed by a Narrative of Recent Events in Poland. Translated from the French. Longmans.



languages, remaining undisturbed by the authorities for the greater part of a year. Professing to be utterly unacquainted with the Russian and Polish languages, he was obliged to keep a constant guard on himself, lest he should be betrayed into the utterance of his own familiar tongue. Even in sleep he was not secure, and had to stipulate for a private bed-room whenever he spent a night away from home. From his Russian friends he constantly heard very trying remarks about his country, and among his own people he became "the involuntary and helpless confidant of the relations, even of the secrets, of families, who thought that they concealed them perfectly by speaking together in Polish." Very few persons were entrusted with his secret, and it was religiously preserved by them, but at length the suspicions of the Government were aroused, and on the last day of the year he was arrested. For a while he maintained his assumed character before his judges, but when he found the evidence against him was too strong to be overcome, he gave in, and allowed himself the luxury of talking once more in his native tongue. "I took a childish and feverish pleasure," he says, "in making use of a freedom which had been so long denied me. It was as if I wished to make amends to myself by the liberty of a few hours for having had to abstain from it during an entire year."

From Kaminieg he was taken to Kiev. At first, he was treated with courtesy, but afterwards he underwent much ill-usage, and was put in irons, which were not taken off until their removal was ordered by Prince Bibikov, the Governor-General. He spent some time in a cell at Kiev, where he suffered greatly, being specially annoyed by the constant surveillance to which he was subjected, for "No one can imagine," he says, "what an indescribable torture it is to a man to see and to know that a watch is kept upon every movement. That strange eye which meets yours at every moment becomes to you a sort of infernal providence; and I abandon the task of making any one understand what it is that the prisoner feels who from the instant that he wakes in the morning sees from his bed those two eyes pointed towards him like two stilettos."

Towards the end of July, 1844, he received his sentence, which was one of penal servitude in Siberia for life. He was forced to make the journey in fetters, but he was allowed a carriage, a privilege due to his noble birth. In some cases the Emperor compels even members of the highest families to travel on foot, and thus adds greatly to the severity of the sentence, for the journey to Tobolsk in that case occupies a year, and to the mines of Nerchinsk more than two years. The convicts suffer terribly from cold, hunger, and fatigue, and not a few out of the ten thousand who are said to be deported every year die on the road, though the officers in charge, "far from making a cruel use of their dictatorship, often show themselves full of care and compassion for the unhappy beings whom they are obliged to conduct." M. Pietrowski found his guards unfeeling, but not brutal. He had some difficulty in inducing them to alter the irons, which were giving him great pain, but they did not add to his sufferings, though they kept a strict watch over him, being continually haunted by the fear of his dying or committing suicide. The people with whom he was brought into contact behaved with the greatest kindness. Travellers would press money on him; young girls gazed after him with tearful eyes. The post-master never failed to offer tea or brandy; while his family and the neighbours hastened to present him with cakes, dried fish, and fruits. Three weeks were thus passed upon the road, and then he arrived at Omsk, whence he was transferred to the spot in which he was sentenced to pass the rest of his life, the village of Ekaterinski-Zavod.

At first he was employed as a common labourer, having to sweep the courtyards, carry wood, and draw water; worst of all was stacking fagots, a miserable employment in the open air, exposed during the winter months to the cold of a Siberian climate. His companions, with a few exceptions, were ordinary malefactors; but they treated him with respect, and were careful not to add to the wretchedness of his position. At the end of a year he was transferred from out-door work to employment within the Government distillery, and his life became far more endurable. There he received wages to the extent of ten francs a month, and not only was free from manual labour, but was enabled to gain an accurate acquaintance with the country, derived from the conversation of the merchants and other travellers with whom he transacted business. He obtained leave to live out of the barracks in which the convicts resided, and shared a cottage with three of his friends. Thus, by the beginning of the year 1846, he had improved his position so much that he could almost have forgotten that he was a convict, and might have fancied he was "merely a recruit of the omnipotent bureaucracy of Russia, sadly banished to these distant realms beneath an inhospitable sky." But his resolve to attempt a flight remained unshaken, and was strengthened by an order which was issued about this time by the Emperor Nicholas, to increase the severity of discipline among the Siberian exiles. He got together all the information he could obtain, and all the money he could amass. After hesitating for some time as to the route which he should take, he determined to cross the Oural mountains, and so to make his way to Archangel, where he hoped to find a French ship which would take him on board. He contrived to forge a passport and an ordinary pass, obtaining a copy of the imperial seal from a coiner of his acquaintance among the felons, and describing himself as a native of Siberia on a sheet of the stamped paper to which his official position in the factory gave him access. His funds amounted to about 200 francs, and with these and a sketch map of his route, he determined to make a bold

stroke for liberty. After two unsuccessful attempts, he managed to get away on the 8th of February, 1846, leaving the village at eventide, and crossing the river Irtyche on the ice. A passing traveller took him on his sledge to the nearest town, where he obtained post-horses. Unfortunately a snow-storm came on, and detained him for some hours, and, what was far worse, after he had travelled some little distance, and just as his hopes were highest, he was robbed at a village inn, not only of some money, but of his map and his passport. Still he would not despair, and, pushing boldly on, soon afterwards struck into the high road to Irbit, which he found crowded with travellers. All over the vast plain, to the left of which the wooded slopes of the Oural chain began to be defined, swarmed an innumerable mass of sledges, either going to or returning from the great annual fair. His spirits rose at the sight, he greeted every passenger as an involuntary auxiliary in his flight, and mingled his voice with the cries of the drivers. All went well, and on the third day he arrived, "late in the evening, at the gates of Irbit, 4,000 kilometres distant from Ekaterinski-Zavod. 'Stop, and show your passport!' called the sentry; luckily, he added immediately, 'give me twenty kopeks, and through with you.'" By this time his funds were reduced to about eighty francs, and he was therefore unable to proceed otherwise than on foot. With a little bread and salt in his bag, he walked out of the town, commencing what he justly calls the life of a savage, and one which he was forced to lead for two months. The hardships which he underwent were terrible, but his resolution was never shaken. When he was hungry he ate a piece of frozen bread; when thirsty he sought a hole in one of the frozen ponds, or was forced to content himself with letting snow dissolve in his mouth. His heavy dress greatly impeded him, but yet he did not dare to part with it. When night fell he sought the heart of the forest, and either scooped out a hole in the snow, or occupied the cavities in the drifts around the stems of the great trees. Half-frozen and all but starving as he was, he seldom dared to enter a cottage, though he was often tried almost beyond endurance by the sight of the firelight shining through the crevices, and the thought of the warmth and food within. At length he reached the summit of the Oural, crossing the pass on a fine night, when "the moon illuminated with its full splendour a glorious but fantastic scene, where the gnarled shadows of the trees, and of gigantic masses of rocks, were flung far upon the immense expanse of snow. A silence so solemn as to be almost religious in its unbroken stillness reigned around, except when at times a dry, metallic sound struck upon the ear as the stones cracked and split from the intensity of the frost." Descending the great western slopes of the vast mountain barrier, he reached another apparently endless plain, and at last, after two long months of suffering, he arrived at Veliki-Oustiong.

Hitherto he had travelled as a workman in search of employment. He now changed his character, and professed to be a pilgrim bound for the shrine of Solovetsk, on the White Sea. In this capacity he obtained a free passage down the Dvina to Archangel, and a gratuity of about fifteen shillings in consideration of his services on board the boat, a sum which represented his expenditure during the two preceding months. The voyage occupied a fortnight, at the end of which he at last saw the sea and the flags of the ships, on one of which he hoped to find a refuge. But he was doomed to disappointment; for he was unable to get access to the shipping, and after spending some time in unavailing efforts, he was obliged to give up the attempt, and once more to resume his wanderings. At Vytiegra he was offered a passage to St. Petersburg, and thither accordingly he went. Fortune still befriended him, and he was able to discover a cheap lodging, where the landlady received him without requiring the permission of the police. A few days passed, and he found a vessel on the point of sailing for Riga, and was lucky enough to get on board without his passport being demanded. From Riga he traversed Courland and Lithuania, and at length arrived at the Russian frontier. Watching his opportunity, he crossed it without being stopped, though he was perceived and fired at. At last he was out of the Czar's dominions, but not secure from his grasp, the Prussians being obliged by treaty to restore Russian fugitives, as he found to his cost. For having reached Königsberg in safety, he was there arrested on suspicion, and so, after months of wandering and hardship, he found himself once more in prison. The consternation of the officers before whom he was brought was great when he told them his story. They were bound to give him up, but they could not bring themselves to do so. At last they compromised the matter by conniving at his escape, and the friends whom he had made in the interval facilitated his journey so much that by the end of September, 1846, he found himself again in Paris. There he is still, filling the post of Professor in the Polish College at Batignolles. Of his former companions in misfortune, he says that he can learn but little. "Some have already succumbed under their sorrows; others still groan in Siberia, in the Caucasus, or in the penal companies of Orenburg. May God have mercy upon the living, and upon the dead!"

#### THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS exhibition, which opened for the present season on the 7th instant, has for years past been at a low ebb, as regards both the professional status of the artists who contribute to it, and the intrinsic merits of the contributions. It started as a sort of "chapel of ease" to the Royal Academy, the members of which and other magnates



of the profession found themselves as much at home here as within the academical walls; while the distinguished social position of the governors of the institution, the superiority to clique interests, and the encouragement held out to historic art, lent a halo of substantial dignity to the body which almost availed to rank its secondary position on a par with the primary one of the Academy. This state of things is so entirely past that, among persons who do not remember it within their own experience or as matter of record, none would now find any trace of it save in the list of Directors appended to the catalogues, and in the exhibition of old masters which succeeds, in the summer, to that of living painters in the spring. We cannot say that the one just opened is any better than the recent exhibition; yet we observe that of the few things which are good, most are by young men still feeling their way to a position, and belong to the style of the present day, whose influences and opportunities we may hope to see turned to account in this gallery henceforward more than has of late been the case.

Mr. Hayllar, Mr. Gale, and the sister-painters, Mrs. Bodichon and Miss Leigh Smith, may be credited with having produced the three figure-pictures which stand foremost, on account either of scale combined with merit, or of merit alone. Mr. Hayllar has selected a very racy subject, manifestly tempting to a painter of character, but dangerous as betraying him into farce, with *dramatis personæ* of whom one at least belongs to the stateliest tragedy. This danger has not been wholly avoided by Mr. Hayllar, especially in the figure of the chaplain, Jeremiah White. The subject is from the (apocryphal?) story that this divine was making desperate love to one of Cromwell's daughters; when, finding himself surprised by the Lord Protector, he averted the impending storm by the pretext that he had been pleading to the mistress his passion for one of her maids—which damsel Cromwell produced on the spot, and turned the fictitious wooing into a very matter-of-fact marriage. This finale to an opera-buffa with historic characters is rendered with much finesse and expression by Mr. Hayllar, though tending, as we have implied, rather to the burlesque than the historic phase of the subject. Cromwell, who need scarcely have looked so old unless to maintain the aspect of the theatrical father, cannot be called caricaturish, as the chaplain is, but still less can he be called Cromwellian. The picture, however, is really a clever one; and, especially in the simple, broad handling, and silvery pleasantness of colour, it much surpasses the manner into which Mr. Hayllar had of late been lapsing. Mr. Gale, in most of his contributions, is by no means superior to the timid and rather petty nicety which characterizes him; but one of them is a great advance, and indicates capacities which might place him upon a much higher level altogether. This is entitled "Entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem; Greek Pilgrim, Easter, 1862; But Mary stood without at the Sepulchre, weeping." Small as it is in size, this picture has a remarkable degree of grave dignity and subdued pathos. The painter has evidently intended that the spectator's thoughts should be carried, from the actual modern female pilgrim before him at the Church of the Sepulchre, back to the Mary (rather the Mother than the Magdalen) at the very tomb of Jesus; and his art is equal to effecting the transition without strained symbolism or pietistic grimacing. The figure may be highly commended for its wan, tender sorrowfulness, and self-forgetful simplicity of pose. The execution, also, unites much more than the usual solidity and fulness to Mr. Gale's minute finish. The work by Mrs. Bodichon and Miss Leigh Smith is "An Algerian Burial-ground," painted on a large scale, and with a good number of figures; these being executed, as we conceive, by the latter lady, the landscape by the former. To the landscape, accurately and impressively painted, pertains the chief positive merit of the work; yet the figures, although wanting in mobility and in ease of distribution, are also done seriously, steadily, and modestly, in such wise as to be satisfactory where they succeed, harmless where they fail, and clearly preparatory to completer success hereafter.

Mr. Clark, like Mr. Gale, makes an advance in his picture of "Auld Lang Syne,"

"We twa hae run amang the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine."

There is more in it of impulse and of painter-like conception than in any of his previous works, though its execution, faint and neutral, is not different from that of his average productions, and is inferior to his best. The subject is two children out on the hills; the elder boy crooning a song, open-mouthed; the younger (whether boy or girl we are not certain) sorting some wild-flowers. "Passing into the Shade," by Mr. Boughton, represents with skill, in the French manner, and with some quiet depth of feeling, two aged Frenchwomen entering a dim wood. "The Village Pump," by Mr. Burr, is a study of a young damsel by the pump-side, executed with sketchy breadth, and not wanting in fine character. Mr. Eddis sends a "Study from Nature" of a handsome, gentle girl of fourteen, with antelope-like eyes, and long, dark-brown hair falling over the shoulders; the best head he has exhibited this long while, stronger than usual in style. Mr. G. D. Leslie is still at that stage of art where everything that he does looks as if a very little more would make it a great deal better than it actually is: "The Lost Carkanet," a fifteenth-century subject of a lady and a serving-boy, has facility, nature, and prettiness, and yet disappoints the liking which it seems on the verge of satisfying. Mr. Walter Field has chosen an ambitious and strong subject, and has so

far succeeded as at least to show a mental appreciation of its opportunities. It represents three Royalist officers under the Commonwealth, who, being capitally convicted, were allowed to have lots drawn by a child for one of them only to suffer death. The suspense and emotion of the moment, though not exactly realized, are indicated with a degree of point and reserve which augurs favourably for Mr. Field's future efforts. As minor works of some substance, we may name "Well Matched," by Mr. Ridley,—an indifferent married couple, not unlike one of Mr. Keene's woodcuts in colour; "The Bravo," by Mr. Yeames, lurking behind a pillar with drawn sword for the victim whose hand even now draws the curtain aside; "Chased, dead Beat," and "Rest from Labour," by W. F. Weekes, both diminutive, but not petty in feeling and style; "The Gamblers," by Mr. Payton, a very creditable imitation of Meissonnier, though too directly imitative; "Baby's Toes," by Mr. Houghton, a quaint, infantine garden-group; and "Trauben-lust," by Miss Turck, an accurate and nicely painted study of a peasant-girl, the Teutonic type of whose face almost approximates to the Mongolian.

In the landscapes, as in the figure-subjects, there is a trio of superior quality. The most beautiful of these is the "Winter" of Mr. Mignot—a gentleman whose name is new to us. This is a really exquisite picture, combining a quasi-English purity of colour with French solidity of impasto and fusion of masses. The snow, though subtle enough in tint to be felt as truly a white object, is blue under the reflections of the closing day; the sky has a tinge of greenish yellow, its horizon barred with tawny red and whiteish lemon-colour; the plashy water of the foreground, green from the sky-tints, is settling its level surface into ice. From Mr. E. Hargitt we have a picture of grand scale and subject, and adequate power of execution—"The Sea-birds' Revel." The realization of the storm-boding sea is impressive, solid, and industriously worked, its breakers, grey and bottle-green, capped with yellowish churning foam; the sky slaty-purple with a forked flash of lightning; the gathering, restlessly winging, or grimly expectant cormorants and gulls, agitated with strange instincts of exultation, and well disposed for the pictorial effect. Solidly handled as the picture is, we must admit that the touch is to some extent mechanical, but its general effectiveness avails to pass this off as a minor blemish. "Morning on Carmel Sands," by Mr. Oakes, gives a difficult and peculiar aspect of nature, with something of poetic character. The sun flashes central in the heavens, casting a blaze of liquid white light along the washy sands, broken with wide ruts of standing water. The mounted figures are skilfully fused in the light; nearer, and more distinct, is a boat, with some ducks beside it. The colour is a little rank in the solid portions of the picture, and opaque in the sky; but the picture, taken as a whole, realizes a vivid theme vividly.

After these conspicuous works, the most meritorious are "A Sunny Day in Autumn," by Mr. Robb, a pretty bit of *Præ-Raffaëlist*, green in the sun; "The Wreck of the barque *Padre* at Mullion, Cornwall," by Mr. Whittaker, disadvantageously hung, but seeming to have some original quality in the artist's feeling and handling; "Tintagel Castle, Cornwall," by Mr. Naish, more intense than harmonious in its tremendous purplish-green sea flowing amid the hollows of the green slopes of cliff; "Home Again," by Mr. Lionel Smythe, remarkable for its giant thistle; the "Old Mill and Salmon-trap on the Dee" of Mr. Huggins, the first bit of topographic landscape we remember from his hand, and something between Mr. Davis and Mr. Gosling in style; "Evening Mists, Lake of Como," by Mr. Bridell, an interesting, bright sketch, though wanting refinement of hand; and "From the High Ground, Woodend, Bute," by Mr. George Sant, a study not deficient in picture-like quality, with sweet, soft, winter brushwood, and a brace of goats.

In one of the only two noticeable animal-pictures, goats are again the life of the scene. "Catching Wild Goats on Moel Siabod, North Wales," is about the best painting that Mr. Sidney Cooper has ever produced; exhibiting a great advance in motion, pictorial point of view, and arrangement of broad, deep-toned masses. Mr. Cooper seems to have felt that the old respectable jog-trot will not quite do now-a-days, and to have found in himself energies equal to the occasion, when he made an honest endeavour to elicit them. Still better is "Counting the Lambs—October Evening," by Mr. H. Moore; a picture which is equally landscape and animal-subject, and which has a genuinely "distinguished" character, such as would befit historic landscape-work on a large scale. The colour, as in several of Mr. Moore's later works, has a neutral tendency, not very greatly transcending grisaille as a representation of actual facts of colour; yet it is sound and good according to its limitations, and in no way mars, though it narrows, the value of a really fine work.

#### MUSIC.

At the last Monday Popular Concert, Spohr's Nonetto was repeated; Herr Molique taking Mons. Sainton's place as violinist—the other executants being the same as on the first performance of the work at these concerts a month since. Herr Molique's style of playing having so much analogy with that of Spohr, he is peculiarly fitted for the interpretation of Spohr's violin music; the difficulties of which are as much those of manner as of mechanism. Herr Molique's appearances have, of late, been very unfrequent; and his playing on Monday night consequently lacked somewhat of



that freedom and certainty which are scarcely to be maintained without constant public exercise. Herr Molique, however, has other and higher merits than those of a mere executant. As a thorough master of theory and composition he will always command esteem and respect. The novelty at the concert referred to was Beethoven's Sonata in D for piano and violoncello, the second of the set of two, op. 102. This sonata, with its companion, has generally been included among what many have been pleased to call the "unintelligible" works of Beethoven—that is, works which, instead of the clearly-cut outline and symmetrical proportions of the Haydn and Mozart styles, are abstract and shadowy in spirit, and subject to no external structural laws; moulding themselves into a shape of their own, and not to be judged by reference to any standard. Some critics have sought to show that Beethoven's latter works are crude and unintelligible, because the composer, from the deafness which afflicted his declining years, was unable to hear what he was writing. This notion is based on an entire misconception of the purely intellectual nature of composition. A small dilettante may pick out certain notes on the pianoforte, and, jotting them down or getting them jotted down for him, may flatter himself that he is composing; but this is not the process by which the great masters of the art exercised the high gift of composition. As well might a poem be written entirely by the aid of a rhyming dictionary. True, a musical composition, written down from intellectual conception, may be slightly modified in some small details on after-hearing; but so may a written poem on after-recital. The conception, however, of any work deserving the name of composition, must be intellectual and independent of external aids. That Beethoven's deafness modified his style is true, inasmuch as his mind was thereby further removed from external influences, and the increased solitude of thought and habit of self-communing imparted a more abstract and subjective tone to his imagination. To this very influence we owe some of his grandest and most sublime inspirations, among others the Mass in D—a colossal piece of spiritual music, which could only have proceeded from the profound depths of a mind excluded from the outer world and given up entirely to lofty contemplation.

The sonata which has led to these remarks belongs to the same phase of Beethoven's genius that produced the great solo sonata in B flat. In both works, although in unequal degrees, there is that indefinite impression of vastness which, like the "dim religious light" of a Gothic cathedral, calls up far deeper emotions than can be raised by mere symmetry of proportion and clearness of outline. The slow movement of the sonata in D is a reverie full of the deepest thought and the profoundest sentiment; while the finale, in the intricacies of fugal imitation and the learned contrivances of counterpoint, almost rivals the last movement of the B flat sonata previously referred to. To Signor Piatti, who was the violoncellist, and to Mr. Charles Hallé, the pianist, must be accorded equal praise for their admirable execution of this most difficult work. Mr. Hallé also won golden opinions by his chaste and finished playing of Mozart's sonata in A minor, one of its composer's most perfect solo pieces. The remaining instrumental performances consisted of two of Molique's romances for the violin, played by himself and accompanied by Mr. Benedict; and one of Haydn's pianoforte trios. The vocalists were Mr. Winn and Madlle. Florence Lancia; the latter of whom sang Schubert's "Le Berger sur la Montagne"—not one of his most characteristic songs, but rendered peculiarly effective on this occasion by the obligato clarinet accompaniment of Mr. Lazarus, whose performance was of the highest refinement and finish. At the concert of Monday next, Madame Arabella Goddard is to play Weber's solo sonata in E minor, one of the finest specimens of the romantic school of pianoforte music.

Mr. Henry Phillips' farewell concert took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening; when this veteran singer bade adieu to the public, to whom, at the same time, he introduced his two daughters—the one a soprano, the other a contralto. The concert, which was of a very miscellaneous and popular character, was chiefly interesting on account of the last appearance of him who was, for many years, one of our favourite singers, both on the stage and in the concert-room. Mr. Phillips' singing, if not remarkable for power or dramatic expression, was always distinguished by a suavity of vocalization which rendered him especially successful in the ballad style. On Wednesday, Mr. Phillips sang several of the songs in which he was accustomed to please the audiences of some twenty or thirty years since; and, among other things, with Mr. Sims Reeves, Braham's duet "All's well"—not a very recondite composition; but one which, no doubt, awoke many recollections and sympathies among the sexagenarian portion of the audience. Mr. Phillips' singing betrayed but little evidence of the many years which have elapsed since he was the favourite English barytone—there was the same smooth vocalization as formerly, with, of course, somewhat less power. The two debutantes have yet much to learn before they can take rank as public vocalists; but, being young and intelligent, there is no reason why they should not achieve a position as concert-singers. It is to be regretted that Mr. Phillips should have published the memoir of himself which was prefixed to the book of words, containing, as it does, the following passage: "The operas which Mr. Phillips has rendered celebrated are: 'Der Freyschütz,' 'Der Vampyr,' 'Hofer,' 'The Maid of Artois,' 'Siege of Rochelle,' 'Cosi fan tutte,' 'Mountain Sylph,' 'Fair Rosamond,' 'Maritana,' 'Amilie,' &c., &c." It is true the memoir is quoted from a literary journal, but good taste should have withheld Mr. Phillips from circulating

a statement that the celebrity of such operas as "Der Freyschütz" and "Cosi fan tutte" (to say nothing of the others) is attributable to his singing.

At the Hanover-square Rooms, also on Wednesday evening, there was a trial, by the Musical Society of London, of new orchestral compositions, including symphonies by Messrs. E. Perry and E. Silas, a violin concerto composed and performed by Mr. E. W. Thomas, and overtures by Messrs. Oberthür, Schloesser, and Schröder. As the performance was not public, criticism is uncalled for; but mention of the fact is due in proof of the meritorious exertions of this society in affording, at great cost to themselves, an opportunity to aspiring composers of hearing the effect of their works for a full orchestra. If, therefore, we possess amongst us a "mute inglorious" Mozart or Beethoven, there is now no excuse for his hiding his talents under a bushel, and retiring on the heretofore favourite grievance of there being "no encouragement for native talent."

#### CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE Rev. G. Williams, Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, lectured at the Royal Institution, "On the Recent Discoveries at Jerusalem." These discoveries were those of the Count de Vogüé and Signor Pierotti. He confined himself to those made in relation to the Haram-esh-Sherif, popularly known as the Mosque of Omar, and those on the north side of the Haram, the site of the fortress of Antonia.

The first point is to determine the position of the Temple of Solomon. This is now fixed beyond all question by the discovery of the water system of the Temple, still existing beneath the platform of the Haram. In the ancient Jewish sacrifices large provision had to be made for the effectual washing away of the blood and offal of the victims slaughtered for the altar, and we have been informed historically of the extent of the water system provided for this purpose. Aristæas, in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, mentions that a natural spring gushed out from within the Temple, and was received into subterranean reservoirs, which were connected by conduits to the extent of five stadia about the Temple, with secret apertures known only to the ministering Levites. In the rocky cave under the dome of the Mosque of Omar there was a circular slab covering another hollow beneath, as was known from its giving forth a hollow sound on being struck. Professor Willis had been the first to conjecture that this was the drain and cesspool of the Jewish altar, described in the Mishna. This is now proved by actual exploration to be the case. An aqueduct entered the lower cave from the south, and a drain ran from it to the north, and afterwards turned east towards the Valley of Kedron, where the blood and offal, diluted with water, were in olden times sold to the gardeners for manure.

We therefore conclude that this was part of the water-system connected with the Temple of Solomon. He proceeded to show how the view that the Mosque of Omar stood on the site of that edifice could be further worked out. The site on which the mosque stands is a raised platform of natural rock, scarped at the sides, and the measurements of the inner walls give the exact size of the inner Temple, and fulfil the conditions required by the disposition of its various buildings, as determined by the site of the altar, already fixed by the previous considerations.

The next subject discussed was the subterranean passage of Herod the Great, by which he connected the fortress Antonia with the eastern gate of the Temple. Josephus has mentioned this passage; but there is a discrepancy between his statement, as we now read it, and the facts discovered; for Josephus writes that the passage ran to the eastern gate of the inner Temple, while the passage discovered terminated at the eastern gate of the outer temple. The difference might, however, be adjusted by a slight correction in the text of Josephus, which involves only the alteration of half a letter. The Greek sigma ( $\Sigma$ ) was so like the xi ( $\Xi$ ), that they might easily be interchanged, so that the original reading may have been  $\epsilon\lambda\omega\theta\epsilon\nu$  (outer) consistently with existing phenomena, instead of  $\epsilon\sigma\omega\theta\epsilon\nu$  (inner), according to the received reading, which does not accurately describe the way discovered. The importance of this discovery is, that it determines the position both of the fortress Antonia and of the eastern gate of the Temple. Attention was next drawn to a block of ancient masonry, embedded in the rock near the north-west angle of the Haram. The north wall of the enclosure at this angle is cut in the living rock, and presents a precipice of 20 or 25 feet. In the Book of Maccabees, and in Josephus, we are told that the Macedonians, under Antiochus Epiphanes, built a fortress to command the Temple. This the Jews, on recovering the city, regarded with so much horror, that they laboured incessantly, night and day, for three years and six months, to demolish it; and not only demolished the fortress, but cut away the very hill on which it stood. The question then, is, whether the masonry belonged to the original fortress of the Macedonians, or to some part of the fortress Antonia, erected by Herod on the site of the Baris of the Asmoneans. The lecturer was disposed to refer it to the Antonia, and thought that it threw light upon a remarkable prediction recorded in Josephus in reference to the taking of Jerusalem by Titus. Josephus says that the Jews, by the demolition of Antonia, made their Temple quadrangular; while it was written in their oracles "that their city should then be taken when the Temple should become a quadrangle." The demo-



lition of the buildings of Antonia, which had projected into the court of the Temple, would have had the effect of making the Temple quadrangular. Notice was now taken of a truly stupendous sub-way that had been discovered outside the north-west angle of the Temple. It is 224 feet long, 22 feet wide, and 29 feet high. Two side passages run out, one to the east and one towards the west. The lecturer presumed this was the scene of the fearful tragedy recorded of Aristobulus and Antigonus, the two sons of Hyrcanus, who, on the death of their father, divided the kingdom between them. Being together at Jerusalem at the Feast of Tabernacles, attempts were made to set Aristobulus against his brother on the plea that he was plotting to seize the kingdom from him. Aristobulus so far yielded to these representations as to send a message to his brother to come to him unarmed; and at the same time he placed some of his body-guard in a dark, subterraneous passage, with instructions to fall upon him if he came armed. The messenger was intercepted by Aristobulus' wife, who sent a request to Antigonus to come armed. He was thus fallen upon and killed. The intelligence was conveyed to his brother, who, in the mental agony caused by the occurrence, was attacked with vomiting of blood. The servant who was carrying it away accidentally spilt it on the very spot stained with the blood of the murdered Antigonus. The attendants who witnessed the occurrence raised a cry of horror at seeing the blood of the two brothers thus mingled together. The cry reached the ears of Aristobulus, who was lying ill in the Baris, afterwards called Antonia, and he insisted upon knowing the cause. The shock incident on the intelligence occasioned such an increase of his malady that he shortly died in the greatest remorse.

The gallery recently discovered by Signor Pierotti seems entirely to answer to the description of the dark vault in which this murder was perpetrated; but, whether this were so or not, there can be no doubt that it was a covered passage of communication between one part of Antonia and another. And this position of the fortress Antonia is further confirmed by the accidental discovery of a side portal of the great arch known as the "Arch of Ecce Homo." This is thus proved to be an ancient Roman gate, and the only use that could be assigned to it, in such a situation, was that it was the gate that connected the fortress Antonia with the city.

The Anthropological Society commenced its meetings on Tuesday last. The inaugural address was "On the Study of Anthropology." The President, Dr. James Hunt, said the Society had been formed for the prosecution of the study of an important branch of science, for which up to the present time there had been no fit place for discussion in any other Society. By some writers, especially by Dr. Latham, the term anthropology has been circumscribed in its meaning to the mere relationship of man to the mammalia. If no other question were involved this would still be an important one—but anthropology had a far wider range than this when regarded in its proper aspect. What time has been wasted in idle speculations, assumptions, and theories respecting the history of man; what volumes have been poured from the press on the origin of the human family! and yet at this moment man's place in nature is a matter of high dispute. Ethnology treats chiefly of the history of nations and races; ethnography of their geographical distribution. Anthropology has a more extended field and is the science of the whole nature of man; and its duty is to investigate the laws regulating the development, distribution, and conditions of mankind. Hitherto attention has been devoted almost exclusively to the physical anthropology which Blumenbach introduced; what is wanted now are investigations into the mental and moral characters of the distinctive races of mankind. Psychological investigations are of as high importance as physical investigations. Perhaps psychological distinctions may proceed from physical causes, but we shall be more likely to get light thrown on such difficult questions if both classes of investigations are conducted at the same time. A serious charge has been made against the American school of anthropologists, that the interest of maintaining slavery has induced them to advocate a distinct origin for the negro race. Such a charge is doubtless a calumny; but if it could be proved that the negro had descended from the ape, and only a few generations ago, it did not alter the fact that at present he is a man and has so much in common with ourselves, that such parentage could be no excuse for using him cruelly. It could never be an object of the present society to support slavery with its abuses, but at the same time it must not shrink from the candid examination of any doctrine; and it would be its duty carefully to record all deviations from the higher European standard of human organization and the analogies with inferior animals which are manifested in the negro race. Anthropology as a science could scarcely be said to have any existence at all, notwithstanding the years of labour by ethnologists and anatomists. Why there should be accumulations of reliable facts and systematic collections of all classes of animals but man, is a psychological question of some interest, but whatever the reason, there is no doubt of the fact. Dr. Morton, in America, had attempted to remedy this want, and others had followed his example in this country; but what has been done is still comparatively useless for want of some general and recognised principles of anthropology. However valuable as illustrations crania may be, the information they afford is insignificant compared to the knowledge to be derived from casts of the interior of the skull-cavity. The importance of a collection of such representative brain-casts of monkeys, apes, and men has been felt, and a collection is already being made by Mr. Flower at the College of Surgeons. Meta-

physicians have attempted to prove the logical necessity of the unity of mankind. Prejudices, superstitions, interests, and gratuitous assumptions have stood in the way of the only method by which satisfactory results can be obtained—inductive and deductive reasoning. The state of affairs is then exactly what was to be expected, that while progress has been made in every other branch of knowledge the so-called "Science of man" remains very little better than where Herder left it nearly a hundred years ago. Thanks to geologists, the evidence had been obtained of the vast antiquity of man. When Professor Waitz, in 1860, before the British Association, affirmed that to reconcile the hypothesis of the unity of origin of mankind (for which he is an advocate) man could not have been on the earth less than 35,000 years, very likely not less than 9,000,000, his remarks were favoured with laughter; but since the question has grown more and more into public consideration, and the statement of Professor Huxley in his new book issued a few days ago, that "if any form of the doctrine of progressive development is correct, we must extend by long epochs the most liberal estimate that has yet been made of the antiquity of man," is received without derision.

In Borneo we have a myth of the creation of man from the dust of the earth, and that woman was made from the toe of the man; the Thibetians, on the other hand, unblushingly claim their descent from the ape. No one will deny the possibility of such a descent for man, by some law of development; but the transmutation of species has yet to be proved; and not only are, in a scientific aspect, the views that have been propagated on the unity of man's origin from a single pair purely hypothetical, but so also are those of the plurality of originating pairs, and that of the creations of men in nations as held by Agassiz. It had sometimes been asserted that there was less difficulty in accounting for existing conditions by assuming a plurality of origin than to explain how all races could be descended from a single pair. Science, however, has nothing to do with what was the easiest explanation, but with what is the truth.

The address then noticed in detail various prominent topics which would necessarily attract the attention of the Society; and with respect to the discussions which should be permitted at the meeting, the President said the unity of mankind was an article of faith with many persons whose opinions deserve respect, but as an article of faith it could not be permitted to be discussed, although, as a scientific hypothesis, it and every other view could be fully investigated, and treated with the utmost liberty of thought and speech.

Such is a brief summary of the presidential address. The establishment of a new learned society would ordinarily be a matter of interest, and when one is formed specially to investigate a subject, portions of which are occupying the talents of some of the most eminent men of the day, it is natural to feel an interest in the basis on which its proceedings are to be conducted.

The Geological Society has awarded the Wollaston Gold Medal to Professor Gustav Bischoff, of Bonn; and the Wollaston Donation Fund to Professor Senft, of Eisenach. In the anniversary address the President, Professor Ramsay, discussed the Breaks in the Succession of the British Palæozoic Strata, and the theoretical considerations connected with the general subject of physical breaks, especially the hypothesis of Mr. Darwin, and the question of the contemporaneity of strata; he concluded that the intervals of time unrepresented by Palæozoic strata in Britain were of longer duration than those which are thus represented.

Cast iron has recently been experimentally manufactured at the Crevelea Iron Works, by the use of condensed peat. The quality of the iron thus reduced is said to be equal to the best Swedish iron. Crevelea is about four miles from Drumkeeran, in Leitrim, and in the neighbourhood are situated some of the coal-mines of that county; but the district is particularly remarkable for the enormous quantity of iron-stone which is found throughout it in a state of great purity. The works were erected some ten years since; but owing to the distance of the coal-mines from them, and for other reasons, were abandoned. Near at hand is a vast plain of peat, and the experiments have been undertaken with a view to utilize this ready and economic source of fuel in the smelting of the valuable and abundant iron-ore of the district.

It has long been known that peat is a remarkably pure fuel, possessing all the elements for melting iron, but the difficulty has been in getting rid of the water in the peat, and to produce a sufficiently consolidated material to resist the blast requisite for smelting iron. This has been effected by Mr. Buckland's machine, which by means of an Archimedean screw, and a perforated strainer of two feet diameter, delivers the fine peat to a brick-making machine and rejects the coarse roots and fibres through a waste pipe. The strainer being inclosed in a heated chamber, with an opening for the escape of steam, the moisture is rapidly driven off. The blocks of peat are next removed to a drying shed, through which a current of hot air passes, and they soon become as hard as oak, and more dense than any peat submitted to hydraulic pressure.

This peat-iron manufacture, if carried out commercially, will, undoubtedly, prove a matter of great importance to Ireland, especially if, as has been stated, the strength of the Crevelea iron exceeds that of either English or Scotch. One feature peculiarly encouraging to this result has been already pointed out by Mr. Anderson, of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Ireland—namely, that as the price of charcoal-iron for making steel is £6. 10s., whilst ordinary pig-iron is £3. 2s. per ton, if the iron produced by peat-charcoal be equal to that obtained by the use of wood-charcoal, there is no reason why Bessemer's process should not be adopted at the Crevelea works, and the iron converted into steel at once. Even though the cost of peat-charcoal should turn out to be higher than has been stated, yet the price to be obtained for the steel would yield a handsome profit.



LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR  
NEXT WEEK.

## MONDAY, 2ND MARCH.

MEDICAL—At 7 P.M. Annual Election of Officers and Council. At 8½ P.M. "On Some Points in the Treatment of Prolapsus Uteri."  
MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—At 8 P.M. Anniversary.  
ASIATIC—At 3 P.M.  
ENTOMOLOGICAL—At 7 P.M.  
GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION—At 7 P.M.  
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 2 P.M. Monthly Meeting.

## TUESDAY, 3RD MARCH.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. "The Perennial and Flood Waters of the Upper Thames." By Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, M.A.  
ETHNOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. "The Brain and Skull in Some of the Families of Man." By L. J. Beale, Esq.  
PHOTOGRAPHIC—At 8 P.M.  
PATHOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M.  
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Professor Marshall "On Animal Mechanics."

## WEDNESDAY, 4TH MARCH.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Influence of Social Institutions on the Progress of Art in this and Foreign Countries." By Geo. R. Burrell, Esq.  
GEOLOGICAL—Somerset House, at 8 P.M. 1. "On the Permian Rocks of the North-eastern Parts of Bohemia." By Sir R. I. Murchison. 2. "On the Correlation of the Several Divisions of the Inferior Oolite in the Middle and South of England." By Dr. Holl.  
LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Vertebrata." By C. Carter Blake, Esq.  
PHARMACEUTICAL—At 8 P.M. "Additional Observations on Storax." By Mr. D. Hanbury.

## THURSDAY, 5TH MARCH.

ROYAL SOCIETY—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On Skew Surfaces." By A. Cayley, Esq. 2. "Researches on the Refraction, Dispersion, and Sensitiveness of Liquids." By Dr. Gladstone and Rev. T. Dale. 3. "On the Change of Form assumed by Wrought-Iron and other Metals when Heated and then Cooled by Partial Immersion in Water."  
ANTIQUARIES—At 8½ P.M.  
LINNEAN—At 8 P.M. 1. "Geographical Distribution of Aculeate Hymenoptera of the Eastern Archipelago." By F. Smith, Esq. 2. "Description of Two New Conifers from the Rocky Mountains." By Andrew Murray, Esq. 3. "On the Parasitism of the Mistletoe." By John Harley, M.D.  
CHEMICAL—At 8 P.M. "On the Assimilation of Nitrogen by Plants." By J. B. Lawes, Esq.  
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Dr. Frankland, "On Chemical Affinity."

## FRIDAY, 6TH MARCH.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "On the Most Recent Spectrum Discoveries." By W. Allen Miller, M.D., F.R.S.  
ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE—At 4 P.M.  
PHILOLOGICAL—At 8.15 P.M. "On the Names of Certain Insects." By Dr. Ernest Adams.  
LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "On Economic Botany." By Professor Bentley.

## SATURDAY, 7TH MARCH.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On the Science of Language." By Professor Max Müller.  
MEDICAL—At 5 P.M. "Anniversary Oration." By Dr. Habershon.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Addison's Humorous Essays, with Memoir. 18mo., cloth, 1s.  
Agathos, and other Sunday Stories. By the Bishop of Oxford. Twenty-fourth edition. 18mo., cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Early Years of. Fcap., boards, 2s. 6d.  
All the Year Round. Conducted by C. Dickens. Vol. VIII. Royal 8vo., 5s. 6d.  
Bickersteth's (F. & E.) Memoirs of Doing and Suffering. New edition. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Bohn's Classical Library. Demosthenes' Orations. Translated by C. R. Kennedy. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.  
Brock's (Mrs. C.) Working and Waiting. New edition. Fcap., cloth, 5s.  
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